Beaver & Gephart

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Millheim Journal

RATES ON APPLICATION.

BY THE NORTH SEA.

Miles, and miles, and miles of desolation!
Leagues on leagues on leagues without a change,
Sign or token of some eldest nation,
Here would make the strange land not so strange,
Time forgotten, yea since time's creation,
Seem these borders where the sea birds range.

Slowly, gladly, full of peace and wonder
Grows his heart who journeys here alone,
Earth and all its thoughts of earth sink under
Deep as deep in water sinks a stone.
Hardly knows it if the rollers thunder,
Hardly whence the lonely wind is blown.

Tall the plumage of the rush-flower tosses,
Sharp and soft in many a curve and line
Gleam and glow the sea-colored marsh-mosses,
Salt and splendid from the circling brine.
Streak on streak of glimmering seashine crosses
All the land sea-saturate as with wine.

Far and far between, in divers orders,
Clear gray steeples cleave the low gray sky;
Fast and firm as time-unshaken warders,
Hearts made sure by faith, by hope made high,
These alone in all the wild sea-borders
Fears no blast of days and nights that die,

All the land is like as one man's face is,
Pale and troubled still with change of cares.
Doubt and death pervade her clouded spaces;
Strength and length of life and peace are theirs
Theirs alone amid these weary places,
Seeing not how the wide world frets and fares

Firm and fast where all is cloud that changes,
Cloud-clogged sunlight, cloud by sunlight thinned
Stern and sweet, above the sand-hill ranges
Watch the towers and tombs of men that sinned
Once, now calm as earth whose only change is
Wind, and light, and wind, and cloud, and wind

LITTLE KATE AND I.

We didn't wait for an income to marry on, little Kate and I. We had no rich relations to leave us legacies or to send pearl necklaces, diamond ornaments, or thousand dollar bonds for wedding presents. I was simply a brakeman on the Eastern Michigan Railway, a long and lonely stretch of rails over desolate marshes, steep mountain grades, and solitary sweeps of prairie land; she was the bright-eyed waitress in one of the restaurants along the line. But when I fell from the platform when the great accident happened—you've heard of the Great Accident, I suppose, when there was such a shocking loss of life—it was Kate's care, and nothing else, that brought me back into the world I had so nearly quitted for good and all!

"I would have done it for anybody, Mark!" said she, when I tried to thank her.

"Would you?" said I. "But it isn't everybody that would have done it for me, Kate!"

So I asked her to marry me, and she said yes. And I took a little cottage on the edge of the Swampscot woods, and furnished it as well as I could, with a red carpet, cheese-cloth curtains at the windows, a real Connecticut clock, and a set of walnut chairs that I made myself, with seats of rushes, woven in by old Billy, the Indian, who carried his baskets and mats around the country, and Mrs. Perkins, the parson's wife, made us a wedding cake, and so we were married. Pretty soon I found out that Kate was pining a little.

"What is it, sweetheart?" said I. "Remember, it was a contract between us that we were to have no secrets from each other! Are you not perfectly happy?"

"Oh, yes, yes!" cried Kate, hiding her face on my shoulder. "But it's my mother, Mark. She's getting old, and if I could only go East to see her, just once, before the Lord takes her away!"

It was then that I felt the sting of my poverty most. If I had only been a rich man to have handed her out a check, and said "Go at once!" I think I could have been quite happy.

"Never mind, sweetheart," said I, stroking down her hair. "We'll manage it after a little. We'll lay up a few dollars from month to month, and you shall go out and see her before she dies!"

And with that little Kate was forced to be content. But there was a hungry homesick look upon her face which it went to my heart to see.

"If I was rich!" I kept saying to myself. "Oh, if I was only rich!"

One stormy autumn night we were belated on the road, for the wind was terrible, shaking the century old pines and oaks, as if they were nothing more than tall swamp grasses, and driving through the ravines with a shriek and a howl like a whole pack of hungry wolves! And the heavy rains had raised the streams so that we were compelled to go carefully and slowly over the bridges, and keep a long look ahead for fear of accidents.

I was standing at my post, in front of the second passenger car, stamping my feet on the platform to keep them warm, and hoping little Kate would not be perturbed at my prolonged absence, when the news agent came chuckling out:

"We're to stop at Stumpville Station," said he.

"Nonsense," said I, "I know better. This train never stops short of Waukensha City, least of all when we are running to make up for lost time, as we are to-night.

"Oh, but this is an exceptional occasion," said Johnny Mills (which was the news agent's name. "We're going to put an old woman off.) She has lost her ticket, she says. More likely she never had one. Goes on as though she'd had her pocket picked."

"It's most a pity, isn't it, to put one off to-night?" said I. Least of all at such a lonely place as Stumpville Station, where there are only two houses and a blacksmith shop."

"Yes, I know," said Mills, adjusting the newspapers that he carried in a rubber case under his arm. "But the Superintendent of the road has got out a new set of instructions, and he's that particular that Jones wouldn't dare to overlook a case like this. There's been so many confidence games played on the road lately."

"Which is the one?" said I, turning to look at the end window of the car which was at the rear.

"Don't you see? The old party at the back of the two fat women in the red shawls. She's haranguing Jones now."

"I see," said I. It was a little old woman in black silk poke-bonnet, a respectable cloth cloak, bordered with ancient fur, and a long green veil, who was earnestly talking and gesticulating with the conductor. But he shook his head and passed on, and she sank back in a helpless little heap behind the green veil, and I could see her take a small handkerchief from a small basket and put it piteously to her eyes.

"It's too bad," said I. "Jones might remember that he once had—if he hasn't got now—a mother of his own."

"And lose his place on the road, "said Mills, "No, no, old fellow, all that sort of thing does very well to talk about, but it don't work in real life."

So he went into the next car, and the signal to slack up came presently. I turned to Mr. Jones, the conductor, who just then stepped out on the platform.

"Is it for that old lady?" said I. He answered, "Yes." Said I, "How far did she want to go?" "To Swampscott," said he.

"You needn't stop, Mr. Jones," said I, "I'll pay her fare."

"You!" he echoed.

"Yes, I," said I. "I'll take her to my own house, until she can telegraph to her friends or something. My wife will be good to her, I know, for the sake of her own old mother out West!"

"Just as you please," said Mr. Jones, "But when you've been on the road as long as I have, you'll find that this sort of thing doesn't answer."

"I hope I shall never be on the road too long to forget my Christian charity," I answered, a little nettled. And I took out my worn pocket-book and handed over the money.

We did not stop at Stumpville Station after all, but put on more steam and ran as fast as it was safe to drive our engine—and when, a little past midnight, we reached Swampscott, where we were due at 7:30, Pierre Rene, the Frenchman, came on board to relieve me, and I helped my old lady off the train, flat basket, traveling bag and all.

"Am I to be put off after all?" said she, with a scared look around her.

"Cheer up, ma'am," said I, "You are all right. Now, then—look out for the step! Here we are."

"Where am I?" said the old lady.

"At Swampscott, ma'am," said I.

"And you are the kind man who paid my fare?" said she. "But my daughter and her husband will repay you when—"

"All right, ma'am," said I. "And now, if you'll just take my arm, we'll be home in a quarter of an hour."

"But," said she, "why can't I go directly to my destination?"

"It's middling late, ma'am," said I. "And houses don't stand shoulder to shoulder in Swampscott. My nearest neighbor is a mile and a-half away. But never fear, ma'am, I've a wife that will be glad to bid you welcome for the sake of her own mother."

She murmured a few words of thanks, but she was old and weary, and the path was rough and uneven, in the very teeth of the keen November blast—and walking wasn't an easy task. And presently, we came to the little cottage on the edge of the Swampscott woods, where the light glowed warmly through the Turkey red curtains.

"Oh, Mark, dearest, how late you are?" cried Kate, making haste to open the door. "Come in, quick, out of the wind. Supper is all ready, and—but who is that with you?"

In a hurried whisper I told her all.

"Did I do right, 'Katie,?" said I.

"Right! Of coure you did," said she. "Ask her to come in at once. And I'll put another cup and saucer on the table."

Tenderly I assisted the chilled and weary old lady across the threshold.

"Here's my wife," said I. "And here's a cup of smoking hot coffee and some of Katie's own biscuits and chicken pie! You'll be all right when the cold is out of your joints a bit!"

"You are very, very welcome," said Kate, brightly, as she advanced to untie our visitor's veil and loosen the folds of her cloak. But, all of a sudden, I heard a cry, "Mother, oh, mother!"

And looking around, I saw Kate and the old lady clasped in each other's arms.

"Hold on, Kate!" said I, with the coffee-pot still in my hand, as I had been lifting it from the fire. "This is never—"

"But it is, Mark!" cried out Kate, breathlessly. "It's mother; my own mother! Oh, help me, dearest, quickly; she has fainted away!"

But she was all right again, presently, sitting by the fire with her feet on one of the warm cushions, which Kate had knit on wooden needles, and drinking hot coffee. It was all true. The unfortunate passenger whose pocket had been picked on the train, and to whose rescue I had come, was no other than my Kate's own mother, who had determined to risk the perils of a journey to the far West to see her child once again.

And she has been with us ever since, the dearest old mother-in-law that ever a man had, the comfort of our household, and the guardian angel of little Kate and the baby, when I am away on my long trips.

And little Kate declares now that she is "perfectly happy!" God bless her—may she never be otherwise.

The White Stripe.

A rough-looking man? Yes, perhaps I am. We ain't all responsible for our outside husk, no more than a horse-chestnut or a hazel nut is. The kind of life I lead can't be lived in white kid gloves and dress coats. I wasn't brought up with many advantages, and I'm only a brakeman on the Rensselaer & Saratoga Line. Old Jones was telling you about me, was he, sir? He'd better hold his tongue. There's more profitable subjects of conversation than I am. But Old Jones means well enough, and if he told you to ask me how that stripe of white hair came on my black mane, I ain't the man to go back on him. Oh, you needn't beg my pardon, sir! I don't mind talking about it now, though the time was when I couldn't speak of it without a big lump coming in my throat.

We hadn't been married long, Polly and me, when it happened. Polly was as trim and bright-eyed a slip of a girl as ever you'd wish to see. She was one of the waitresses in the Albany lunch room; and the first I ever set eyes upon her I made up my mind to make that girl my wife. So, when they raised my wages, I took heart and asked her if she would have them with me, with a wedding ring thrown in the bargain.

"Do you really mean it, Jake?" said she, looking me fully in the face, with those dark blue eyes of hers, that are like skies in the night.

"I do really mean it, Polly," said I.

"Then," said she putting both her hands into mine, "I'll trust you, I've no living relative to advise me, so I can only take council with my heart."

So we were married. I rented a little one-story house, under the hill on the height that overlooked the Hudson—a cozy place, with a good-sized wood-pile at the rear, for winter meant winter in those parts and the snow used to be drifted up even with our door yard fence many and many a cold grey morning. And everything went smooth until Polly began to object to my mates at the White Blackbird, and the Saturday evenings I spent with the boys, after my train was safely run on the side track at the junction.

"Why, Polly, girl," said I, where's the harm? A man can't live by himself, like an oyster in its shell, and a social glass never yet harmed any one."

"No," said Polly, "not a social glass, Jake, but the habit. And if you would only put every five cent piece that you spent for liquor into our little Bertie's tiny savings bank—"

"Pshaw!" said I. "I'm not a drunkard, and I never mean to become one. And no one likes to be preached to by his wife, Polly. Remember that, my girl, and you'll save yourself a deal of trouble."

I kissed her and went away. But that was the beginning of the little, grave shadows, that grew on my Polly's face, like a creeping fog over the hills, and that she has never got rid of since.

It was a sore point between us—what the politicians call a vexed question. I felt that Polly was always watching me; and I didn't wish to be put in leading strings by a woman. So—I shame to say it—I went to the White Blackbird oftener than ever, and I didn't often count the glasses of beer that I drank, and once or twice, of a particularly cold night, I let myself be persuaded into drinking something stronger than beer; and my brain wasn't the kind that could stand liquid fire with impunity. And Polly cried, and I lost my temper, and—well, I don't like to think of all these things now. Thank goodness they are over and gone.

That afternoon as I stood on the back platform of my car, with my arms folded and my eyes fixed on the snowy waste of flat fields through which the iron track seemed to extend itself like an endless black serpent, I looked my own life in the face. I made up my mind that I had been behaving like a brute.

"What are those senseless fellows at the White Blackbird to me," muttered I, "as compared with one of Polly's sweet, bright looks? I will give the whole thing up. I'll draw the line just here now. We shall be off duty early to-night. I'll go home and astonish Polly!"

But as night fell, the blinding drift of a great snow storm came with it. We were belated by the snow which collected on the rails, and when we reached Earldale there was a little girl, who had been sent on in the care of the conductor, who must wait either three or four hours for a way train in the cold and cheerless station, or be taken home across a snowy field by some one who knew the way.

I thought of my own little children. "I'll take her," said I—and lifting her up, I gathered my coarse, warm coat about her, and I started for the long, cold walk under the whispering pines along the edge of the river.

I honestly believe she would have frozen to death if she had been left in the cold station until the way train could call for her. And when I had left her safe in charge of her aunt, I saw by the old kitchen time-piece that it was ten o'clock.

"Polly will think I have slipped back into the Slough of Despond," I said to myself, with half smile; "but I'll give her an agreeable surprise!"

Ploughing down amid the snow drift through a grove of pine trees that edged a ravine at the back of my house, I sprang lightly on the door-step; the door was shut and locked. I went around to the front. Here I effected and entrance, but the fire was dying on the hearth and little Bertie, tucked up in his crib called out.

"Papa, is that you?"

"Where is mamma, my son?" I asked looking eagerly around at the desolate room.

"Gone out with the baby in her arms to look for you;" he said. "Didn't you meet her, papa?"

I stood a minute in silence.

"Lie still, Bertie," said I, in a voice that sounded strange and husky even to myself.

And I thought with dismay, of the blinding snowstorm outside, the treacherous gorges which lay between there and the White Blackbird, the trackless woods, through which it was difficult enough to find one's way even in the sunshine of noonday, and—worst of all—the lonely track, across which an "express" shot like a meteor a few minutes before midnight. Oh, heaven! what possible doom might I not have brought upon myself by the wretched passion in which I had gone away that morning!

The town clock, sounding dim and muffled through the storm, struck eleven as I hurried down the hill. Eleven—and who knew what a length of time might elapse before I could find her? And like a fiery phantasmagoria before my mind's eye, I beheld the wild rush of the midnight express, and dreaded—I knew not what. For all that I could realize was, that the storm was growing fiercer with every moment, and Polly and the baby were out in its fury.

As steadily as I could, I worked my way down toward the track, but more than once I became bewildered, and had to stop and reflect before I could resume my quest. And at length when I came out close to a ruined wood and water station on the edge of the track, I knew that I was full half a mile below the White Blackbird.

And in the distance I heard the long, shrill shriek of the midnight train.

Some one else had heard it, too, for as I stood thus, I saw, faintly visible through the blinding snow, a shadowy figure issue from the ruined shed and come out upon the track, looking with a bewildered, uncertain air, up and down—the form of Polly, my wife, with the little baby in her arms!

I hurried down to her as fast as the rapidly increasing snow drifts would let her but it was only just in time to drag her from the place of peril, and stand, breathlessly holding her back, while the fiery, eyed monster of steam swept by with a rush and a rattle that nearly took away my breath.

"Polly!,' I cried. "Polly! speak to me!"

She turned her wandering gaze toward me, with her vague eyes that seemed scarcely to recognize me.

"Have you seen my husband?', said she; "one Jacob Cotterel, brakeman on the local express?"

"Polly! little woman! don't you know me?" I gasped.

"And I thought, perhaps," she added, vacantly, "you might have met him. It's very cold here, and—and—'

And then she fainted in my arms.

The long, long brain fever that followed was a sort of death. There was a time when they told me she would never know me again, but, thank God, she did. She recovered at last. And since that night I never had tasted a drop of liquor, and, please heaven, I never will again. The baby, bless its dear little heart, wasn't harmed at all. It lay snug and warm on its mother's breast. But if I hadn't happened to be close by them at that instant, the night express would have ground them into powder.

And the white stripe came into my hair upon the night of that fearful snow storm. That's how it happened, sir.

Not My Fault.

"No, I am not one of the old veterans of the war," he slowly replied to the inquiry, "but it is not my fault. I wanted to be there, but something always held me back."

"That was too bad."

"Yes, it was. When the war broke out I offered to go, but I was in jail on a six months' sentence and they wouldn't take me. I was innocent, of course, but as I was in jail the recruiting officer had had to refuse me. Lands! but how I did ache to get down at the front and wade in gore!"

"And when you got out of jail?"

"Yes, I got out, but just then my mother died. I was on my way to enlist when she died, and of course that altered my plans. No one knows how badly I wanted to be down there and wade around in blood and glory."

"Well, you didn't have to mourn all through the war did you?"

"Oh, no. Bless your soul, but I only mourned for thirty days, and then I started out to enlist in the artillery. I was just about to write down my name when a constable arrested me for breach of promise, and it was four months before I got through with the suit. Ah! sir, but if you only knew how I suffered at being held back when others were winning glory on the field of carnage you would pity me!"

"But the suit was finally decided?"

"Yes, finally, and within an hour after the jury brought in a verdict I started for Toledo to enlist in the cavalry."

And you enlisted?"

Almost. I was being examined by the doctor when I got a dispatch that the old man had tumbled into the well, and of course I had to go home. I had to go home. I hadn't got the undertaker paid before lightning struck the barn. Then some one set fire to the cheese factory, and soon after that I had three ribs broken and was laid up for a year. When I finally did get around to enlist the doctor rejected me because I was color-blind, near-sighted, lame and deaf. I tell you, sir, when I think of the glory lost and the gore I didn't shed it breaks me right down and I don't even care for soda water. Hear the band! See the old vets and the exprisoners! Hang my hat, but why wasn't I born with legs long enough to kick myself over into Canada!"

A Bald-Headed Heathen.

They were walking on the avenue in Detroit the other evening when it was so very warm, arrayed in their summer clothes. In the distance shone the light of an ice cream saloon, merry inside with the jingle of spoons and dishes.

"Oh! Augustus, it is so warm."

"So it is, pet."

"Don't you think, dear, that we could find a cooler place than on the street?"

"Perhaps we'd better go in the park and get a drink of water."

"I'd scream first."

"Why would you scream, love?"

"Oh! because—because, oh! look, Gus, there's an ice cream saloon."

"I read, Angelique, darling, in the paper, that ice cream contained the germ of smallspox. That's the reason I didn't ask you to have some. Let's go and get some soda water."

When Angelique got home she screamed to ma that she'd "never go out with that stingy, old, bald-headed heathen again,"

Johnson's Boy.

Johnson was a boy. There is nothing peculiarly startling in this assertion, but there is something peculiarly startling in that boy. His name is George and every time George makes a move the whole town gets up and whoops itself and goes out on a target excursion after George.

George has shaved more cats with his father's clipping machine, has broken more windows, knows more about watermelon patches, catches more salted fish, sends more strangers on imaginary errands, and abounds in more pure cussedness than any urchin of his size, weight, age, length of feet in all Closter.

When the neighbors look at their broken window or hunt around for things that George's mischievous propensities have induced him to hide, they feel like 'hiding' him, and remark 'that Johnson must have been devilesh fond of children to raise that boy.'

Johnson isn't the only man that raised that boy. He has been raised by nearly every citizen from the Hackensack to the Hudson.

The other day a poor old decrpit native drove into town. He drove a crowbait horse, and a wagon as old and stale as last year's pie.

The native drew up in front of the hotel, let himself down out of the wagon, and went in to get a a 'drap uv applejack.'

He had just loaded the glass up to the French roof when the train came along. When the whistle shrieked the horse summoned all its latent strength, and by an almost superhuman effort pricked up its ears. Then it started off.

The native dropped the contents of the glass—down his throat, and started after the animal. The horse was about one hundred yards ahead when he passed Johnson's stable. George took in the situation at a glance. He rushed out, yelled 'whoa,' started after the animal, changed his mind, turned around and caught the old man.

'Lemme go,' yelled the native, 'I want to ketch that horse.'

George said, 'Oh,' let the man go, and started after the horse again.

Then he again changed his mind, came back and caught the citizen again, remarking:

"By Jimmy, I can't stand idle an' see this thing going on. I must ketch sumthink, I'll hold you,' and he did.

At the junction is a drug store. The horse didn't know which road to take, and choosing a happy medium went through the window.

Johnson says that the boy must save up and pay for damages. We think he will, for we saw him playing pool recently, and every time he won a game he said:

'There's another round saved.'

Land Without an Owner.

Out in Butler county, Pa., two miles from Bakerstown, lies seventy acres of land for which no owner can be found. Forty-five years ago, in 1836, Richard Gibson and his wife bought the land and there they lived until death claimed them. Those days, from all accounts were not days of peace and happiness. Of worldly goods they had enough and to spare, but both were of a taciturn disposition, gruff and unsociable. Their neighbors shunned them, and isolated from the world they lived and quarreled until 1870, when Richard Gibson laid down the burden and passed across the dark river. After his death Mrs Gibson shut herself up more closely than ever. Alone in the farm-house she managed to exist until the people in the vicinity came to look upon it as the most natural thing in the world. Finally, a time came in March, 1880, when she was missed. No one had seen her for several days and the house was forced. Lying on the floor they found Mrs. Gibson suffering from a fit. She never rallied, but died in two days. The Gibsons had no children, no known relative, no friends. The people who had closed Mrs. Gibson's eyes in death searched the house. About her clothing and in various nooks and crevices $758 were found, but no papers which would reveal who she and her husband were. The money was turned into the Butler county courts, and two men named Shepard and Ferguson were appointed administrators. Naturally each went to his attorney for instruction, and each attorney immediately notified the Attorney General of the State that an estate without heirs was lying in Butler county.

A search was instituted to discover the past history of the deceased. It was found that in 1826 he had owned a saddlery shop in Leeds, England, before he came to the United States. In 1840 a brother had lived with him in Butler county, got in debt to the amount of three hundred pounds sterling, and left, going down the river, from which time nothing has been heard of him. About the same time Gibson had a brother-in-law, named Gill, in that city. He was engaged in the livery business, the firm's name being Gill & Whiteley, but no trace can be found of either of the partners. So the case stands. The property is worth $100 an acre, and if at the end of seven years no heirs come forward, it goes to the State. One-fifth of its value will be the reward of the person who first informed the Attorney General that the property had no claimant, and the question is which of the lawyers got his work in first.

The Prehistoric American.

The high bluffs and banks of the Mississippi River near Chicago are dotted with Indian mounds, and large numbers of these wonderful sepulchres of the prehistoric age have been thoroughly explored, yet nothing has been discovered by which the scientist can, with any degree of certainty, arrive at the date of their erection or the history of the mysterious people who engaged in their structure. These mounds are symmetrically built, and range from three to six feet in height and from eight to sixteen feet in breadth at the base. Your correspondent has assisted in exploring a dozen or more mounds in this neighborhood, and in almost every instance a pit, parallelogram in shape, has been found, dug evidently about two and a half feet below the original surface of the ground, about six feet long, and four feet wide, with the bottom and sides of hard baked clay. These pits are filled with human bones, representing al ages, buried in most cases in a sitting posture against the sides with legs extending to the centre. Over these bones are found layers of anhydrous earth of dark color, hard from pressure, but which easily crumbled into fine powder. Above this is a stratum of hard baked clay or cement, on the top of which is found a layer of ashes mingled with burnt shells and bones. In several instances the first thing struck after removing the earth from the tops of the mounds were flat pieces of limestone joined together as tightly as though fitted by nature. In one mound unearthed on what is called the Portage, a short distance west of Chicago, were found bones indicating a race of gigantic stature. One immense skull was secured which measured fifteen inches from the occipital to the frontal bone. The largest mound in the Portage group which was explored was found to be literally filled with bones, and sixteen skulls, all in a good state of preservation, were removed from the mess. In every one was a deep indentation on the left side, a little above and behind the orifice of the ear, as though crushed in with a blunt instrument. Relics were found in the shape of copper bodkins, chisels and wedges, all finely wrought; axes, arrows and spear heads, made of a species of flint not found in this region; a singular and finely finished pear-shaped implement of stone, probably used for skinning animals; great numbers of the large teeth of some carnivorous animal, supposed to be the bear; in some instances, large pearls, some of exquisite lustre, perforated to be strung, and a piece of pottery about twelve inches in height, urn shaped, round on the bottom and ornamented.

On top of one of the most romantic bluffs in the Upper Mississippi country, about eight miles from Chicago, overlooking what is called the Sand Prairie, are no less than 100 prehistoric mounds, uniform in size, and ranged in rows of from eight to ten. They are located near the edge of the bluff, and one large mound stands like a sentinel on the very point of the eminence. Behind this, and about twenty feet away is a deep ditch, resembling somewhat the western sink hole, yet scooped out, undoubtedly, by the same mysterious hands which reared the mounds adjacent. Your correspondent assisted in opening a half dozen of these mounds, which contained nothing but flat stones, with bones underneath.

In the township of West Galena, on the Nickol farm, are to be found lines of fortifications, built evidently for purposes of defence. They extend along the brow of a high elevation, skirting the north side of it completely. Behind these embankments or fortifications is a fine level country. A short distance to the rear and at the middle of the outer line of the works is a mound in the shape of a house, and at the northwest extremity of the same line, and about an equal distance behind it, is another mound in the shape of a reptile.

The fortifications are about 2 feet in height, about 8 feet wide at the base, and fully 30 feet long. One or two of them have been thoroughly explored, but nothing has been found, not even bones.

Eight Times Their Weight in Gold.

The cut-flower business, another phase of horticulture, is perhaps greater in the United States than in any other part of the world. Certainly the use of cut flowers in New York for bouquets, baskets, and other designs, is far greater than in either London or Paris, and the taste shown in their arrangement here is vastly superior. It is estimated that three million of dollars were paid for cut flowers in New York in 1880, one-third of which was for rose buds. Immense glass structures are erected in the suburbs for the special purpose of growing cut flowers to supply the bouquet-makers of the city. Not less than twenty acres of glass surface is devoted to the purpose of forcing roses alone, during the winter months. At some seasons the prices paid for these forced rose buds are perfectly astounding. One grower, of Madison, N. J., took into New York three hundred buds of the crimson rose known as "General Jacqueminot" at wholesale, three hundred dollars, and which, no doubt, were retailed at a dollar and fifty cents to two dollars each. A flower dealer in Fourteenth street, a few days before Christmas, received the only four of this same variety of rose that were offered in the city, and found a customer for them at sixty dollars, or fifteen dollars apiece, or eight times the value of their weight in gold.

The Millheim Journal.

THURSDAY, AUG. 4., '81.

THE MILLHEIM JOURNAL
Is published every Thursday, in Musser's Building, corner of Main and Penn streets at
$1.00 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE
Or $1.25 if not paid in advance.

ADVERTISING RATES.

	1 w.	2 w.	3 m.	6 m.	1 y.
¼ column...	3 00	4 00	6 00	10 00	15 00
½ column...	5 00	7 50	10 00	15 00	25 00
1 column...	8 00	12 00	20 00	35 00	60 00

One inch makes a square. Administrators and Executors' Notices $2.50. Transient advertisements and locals 10 cents per line for first insertion and 5 cents per line for each additional insertion.
Job Work done on short notice.

DEININGER & BUMILLER,
Editors and Proprietors.

Church & Sunday School Directory.

Evangelical.

P. C. Weidemyer and J. M. Dick, preachers.

Rev. P. C. Weidemyer will preach next Sunday evening.

Sunday School, 2 P. M.—M. I. Jamison, supt.

Methodist.

Rev. J. Benson Akers, Preacher-in-charge.

Sunday School at 1½ P. M.—D. A. Musser, supt.

Reformed.

Rev. C. W. E. Siegel, Pastor.

Preaching in Aaronsburg next Sunday evening.

United Brethren.

Rev. Tallhelm, Preacher-in-charge.

Rev. J. F. Tallhelm will preach next Sunday morning and evening.

Lutheran.

Rev. John Tomlinson, Pastor.—

Harvest Home sermon in Aaronsburg next Sunday morning.

United Sunday School.

Meets at 9 A. M.—H. E. Duck, supt.

Lodge & Society Directory.

Millheim Lodge, No. 955, I. O. O. F. meets in their hall, Penn Street, every Saturday evening. Rebecca Degree Meeting every Thursday on or before the full moon of each month.
C. W. HARTMAN, Sec. R. B. HARTMAN, N. G.

Providence Grange, No. 217 P. of H., meets in Alexander's block on the second Saturday of each month at 1½, P. M., and on the fourth Saturday of each month at 1½ P. M.
D. L. ZERBY, Sec. T. G. EBERHARD, Master.

The Millheim B. & L. Association meets in the Penn street school house on the evening of the second Monday of each month.
A. WALTER, Sec, B. O. DEININGER, Prest.

The Millheim Cornet Band meets in the Town Hall on Monday and Thursday evenings.
J. B. Hartman, Sec. John Kreamer, Prest.

Announcements of Candidates.

The following is our scale of charges for the announcement of candidates for nomination by the ensuing Democratic county convention—strictly cash in advance: Sheriff, Prothonotary and Treasurer—$5 each; Associate Judge and Register—$4 each; Commissioner and Recorder—$3 each; Auditor—$1. Candidates must pledge themselves to support the ticket nominated.

TREASURER.

We are authorized to announce that J. H. HOLT, of Snow Shoe township, is a candidate for the office of Treasurer, subject to Democratic rules.

We are authorized to announce that J. G. MEYER, of Haines township, is a candidate for the office of Treasurer, subject to Democratic rules.

We are authorized to announce that GEO. W. SPANGLER, of Potter township is a candidate for the office of Treasurer, subject to Democratic rules.

We are authorized to announce that D. C. KELLER, of Potter township, is a candidate for the office of Treasurer, subject to Democratic rules.

SHERIFF.

We are authorized to announce that GEORGE HOFFER, of College township, is a candidate for the office of Sheriff, subject to Democratic rules.

We are authorized to announce that JOHN B. LEATHERS, of Howard township, is a candidate for the office of Sheriff, subject to Democratic rules.

We are authorized to announce that THOMAS J. DUNKEL, of Rush township, is a candidate for the office of Sheriff, subject to Democratic rules.

We are authorized to announce that JOHN COLDREN, of Gregg township, is a candidate for the office of Sheriff, subject to Democratic rules.

We are authorized to announce that S. K. FAUST, of Miles township, is a candidate for the office of Sheriff, subject to Democratic rules.

We are authorized to announce that MICHAEL KERSTETTER, of Spring township, is a candidate for the office of Sheriff subject to Democratic rules.

We are authorized to announce that DANIEL T. WIELAND, of Harris township, is a candidate for the office of Sheriff, subject to Democratic rules.

We are authorized to announce that JOSEPH L. NEFF, of Boggs township, is a candidate for the office of Sheriff, subject to Democratic rules.

We are authorized to announce that L. T. MUNSON, of Bellefonte, is a candidate for the office of Sheriff, subject to Democratic rules.

PROTHONOTARY.

We are authorized to announce that J. C. HARPER, is a candidate for the office of Prothonotary, subject to Democratic rules.

ASSOCIATE JUDGE.

We are authorized to announce that JOHN RISHEL, of Potter township, is a candidate for the office of Associate Judge, subject to Democratic rules.

We are authorized to announce that JOHN K. RUNKLE, of Potter township, is a candidate for the office of Associate Judge, subject to Democratic rules.

COMMISSIONER.

We are authorized to announce that JOHN WOLF of Miles township, is a candidate for the office of Commissioner, subject to Democratic rules.

We are authorized to announce that B. E. DUCK, of Penn township, is a candidate for the office of Commissioner, subject to Democratic rules.)

We are authorized to announce that JOHN HOY, Jr., of Marion township, is a candidate for the office of County Commissioner, subject to Democratic rules.

We are authorized to announce that A. J. GRIEST, of Unionville, is a candidate for the office of Commissioner, subject to Democratic rules.

We are authorized to announce that B. H. ARNEY, of Potter township, is a candidate for the office of Commissioner, subject to Democratic rules.

We are authorized to announce that SAMUEL DECKER, of Walker township is a candidate for Commissioner, subject to Democratic rules.

We are authorized to announce that C. ALEXANDER, of Penn township, is a candidate for Commissioner, subject to Democratic rules.

REGISTER.

We are authorized to announce that JOE W. FURY, of Bellefonte, is a candidate for the office of Register, subject to Democratic rules.

We are authorized to announce that T. B. JAMISON, of Gregg township, is a candidate for the office of Register, subject to Democratic rules.

We are authorized to announce that JAMES A. McCLAIN, of Boggs township, is a candidate for the office of Register, subject to Democratic rules.

We are authorized to announce that HENRY BECK, of Spring township, is a candidate for the office of Register, subject to Democratic rules.

RECORDER.

We are authorized to announce that FRANK E. BIBLE, of Spring township, is a candidate for the office of Recorder, subject to Democratic rules.

We are authorized to announce that JOHN MYERS, of Harris township, is a candidate for the office of Recorder, subject to Democratic rules.

Democratic Delegate Election and County Convention.

The Democratic voters of Centre county will meet at the regular place of holding the general election for their districts, on

SATURDAY, AUGUST 6, 1881,

to elect delegates to the Democratic County Convention. The election will open at two o'clock p. m., and close at six p. m.

The delegates chosen at the above time will meet in the Court House, at Bellefonte on Tuesday, the 9th day of August, at two o'clock p. m., to nominate two candidates for Associate Judge; one candidate for Sheriff; one candidate for Treasurer; one candidate for Register; one candidate for Recorder; two candidates for County Commissioner; two candidates for Auditor; and to transact such other business as the interest of the party may require.

The number of delegates to which each district is entitled is as follows:

Bellefonte W. W.	1	Haines	5
" N. W.	2	Harris	3
" S. W.	3	Howard	2
Milesburg	1	Huston	1
Millheim	2	Liberty	2
Unionville	1	Marion	2
Howard boro	1	Miles	6
Philipsburg	5	Patton	1
Benner	4	Penn	3
Boggs	4	Potter north	3
Burnside	1	" south	4
Curtin	2	Rush	3
College	3	Snow Shoe	3
Ferguson old	3	Spring	4
" new	1	Taylor	1
Gregg south	5	Union	1
" north	2	Walker	5
Halfmoon	1	Worth	1
			92

P. GRAY MEEK,
Chairman Co. Com.

The President's Condition.

By the latest bulletins we see that the President is evidently making good progress on the road towards recovery. His wound continues to do well and his appetite grows stronger as the food of which he partakes is more solid. His attending physicians are very much encouraged and express themselves well pleased with his present condition.

The Salary Question in Court

The question whether the members of our state legislature shall receive a *compensation* of $1500, or a *salary* of $1000, for their services at last winter's session, was decided by Judge Pearson, of the Dauphin County Court, Tuesday the 26th inst., to the effect that under the constitution and laws of the state each member could draw only $1000 as a salary, and no additional pay by the day. On this point the words of the constitution are as follows: "The members of the General Assembly shall receive such salary and mileage for regular and special sessions as shall be fixed by law and no other compensation whatever." The legislature passed an act, May 11, 1874. "That the compensation of members of the General Assembly shall be $1000 for each regular and each adjourned annual session not exceeding one hundred days, and $10 per diem for time necessarily spent after the expiration of hundred days; provided, however, that such time shall not exceed fifty days at any session. "The opinion of Judge Pearson is able and comprehensive, and must convince any fair mind that it was the clear intention of the constitutional convention that the members should have a fixed "salary" for each entire session without regard to its duration, and not a "compensation" partly contingent upon the length of time they choose to remain in session.

Under the law as laid down by Judge Pearson it will be the interests of legislators to manifest a reasonable degree of industry in the public service and bring their labors to a close as soon as may be consistent with the public interests, while under the same law as heretofore understood by the members themselves, they are tempted, and as experience has proven, only too successfully, to sit out the entire limit of one hundred and fifty days, at $1000 for the hundred days and $10 for each additional day, up to fifty.

The case will be carried up to the Supreme Court, but there is hardly a doubt that Judge Pearson will be sustained.

If the temperance people can find a better sermon, or parents a better warning, for them to watch their boys than the following, reported to have been said by Ex-Senator Merriman of North Carolina in a speech recently, we would like to see it: "I have never meddled with liquor! I have never drank it, have hardly kept it as a medicine in my family, and yet it has meddled with me, has made my boy a wandering vagabond, has broken my wife's heart; yes when I was asleep, thinking him home in the house, he was being made a drunkard in the barrooms of Raleigh."—*Ex.*]

The Insurance Commissioner of Maryland gives public notice that he will prosecute every one engaged in speculative life insurance. Commissioner Foster might follow this example with advantage. There is more of this business done in Pennsylvania than anywhere else, and much of it is done at Harrisburg, where the Commissioner has every opportunity to watch it and where Judge Pearson has already suggested the prosecution of all engaged in it. The Commissioner could not do the State a better service than in the suppression of this worst form of gambling, and it falls so directly within his official jurisdiction that he should not need to have his attention called to it twice.—*Philadelphia Times.*

Judge Pearson's decision against the $500 per diem portion of the "compensation" of our members of the legislature, has not improved Charley Wolf's prospects for Governor very much. Guess Beaver is ahead.

HON. NATHAN CLIFFORD, one of the Judges of the United States, died at Cornish, Maine, on Monday the 25th, ult. He has filled several important offices in his native state, and was appointed Attorney General of the United States under President Polk. In January 1858 he was commissioned a Justice of the Supreme Court which high position he filled with much credit up to his death. He was an able jurist, of sterling integrity and a firm Democrat. In 1877 he was Chairman of the Electoral Commission, and firmly believed that Tilden had been elected President. As an honest man and able, incorruptible Judge, his memory will be revered by the American people.

Sound Suggestions.

The Pittsburg *Post* thinks there are two amendments to the Federal Constitution which ought to be adopted. One is the election of United States Senators by the poole, the other providing that the Vice-President shall not fill the unexpired term of the President, but only until an election shall be held as now provided after the death or disability of the Vice-President.

In the last thirty-three years the debt of Europe has nearly trebled, and is increasing while ours is diminishing, having been reduced since 1865 to the extent of over $1,000,000,000. We now owe about $1,880,000,000, or about $35 to each inhabitant, though in 1865 it was $83. Europe owed at the close of 1880 $16,794,800,000, giving to each inhabitant an average of $74, with little hope that much of it will be paid off.

The Republican state convention will meet at Harrisburg, September 8th.

Greed, greed! Mr. Blaine says there are one million applications for office on file at Washington. This is estimated as over ten applicants for every position, and about one in every four and a-half of the Republican voters in the United States.

If the Democratic Major of Philadelphia don't quit growing so mighty popular there is danger that he will be elected President.

It is very fitly suggested to foreigners visiting Washington during the session of congress that it would be altogether unfair to judge the extent, intelligence, natural resources, manufacturing interests and commercial importance of the great states of Pennsylvania and New York by the utterances of her Senators—Cameron and Mitchell—Miller and Lapham. That would literally be making a step from the sublime to the ridiculous.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

Washington, D. C., July 30, '81.

There is already talk about offices even among steady going politicians. The President is so much better and his recovery seems almost certain, that the long restrained anxiety to see offices filled begins to reassert itself among Republicans. The party has been in power so long, and being without principles, is so much a machine to be kept going by the judicious distribution of public patronage that its managers admit all days lost which see no progress in the great work of distributing offices. Very numerous charges, it is said, were to be made during the President's absence from Washington this month. These of course, were not carried out. The demand for others now waxes strong.

Several interesting points will arise in the election of a succession to Mr. Burch, Secretary of the Senate, who died here this week. For instance—will the Senate elect a successor before the New York Senators are sworn in? If they attempt this, will the Republicans refuse to vote and so make a dead lock? If the New York Senators are first sworn in will the Republicans adhere to their caucus candidate Gorham? Among the Democrats already named is Gen. S. J. Anderson, of Maine, a neighbor and close friend of the late Judge Clifford. Gen. Anderson is the head of the party in Maine, and said to be admirably fitted for the Secretaryship.

All that can be said of the probable successor of the late Judge Clifford is that he will be a Republican. The idea that a Democrat might be appointed finds less favor among Republicans than was expected. Senator Edmonds is the man most named for the place.

An official report just published shows our exports of merchandise for the last fiscal year to have been over nine hundred millions of dollars, being more than in any previous year. The imports were more than six hundred and forty millions, which is more than in any other year except 1880.

CARROLL.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Letters of administration on the estate of Stephen Kennelley, dec'd, late of Gregg township, having been granted to the undersigned, all persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate, are hereby required to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same, to present them duly authenticated for
30-6t JAMES KENNELLY, Administrator.

EXECUTORS' SALE OF VALUABLE REAL ESTATE.—The subscribers, executors of the estate of Jonathan Philips, late of the Borough of Millheim, Centre county, Pa., deceased, will offer at public sale on the premises, on

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 3RD 1881,

at one o'clock, P. M.

A SPLENDID FARM,

situated two miles west of Millheim on the turnpike, and about four miles from Coburn station, on the Lewisburg & Tyrone rail road, now occupied by Henry Frankenberger, containing 64 acres, about 55 of which are cleared and in a good state of cultivation. The balance is well timbered. The improvements are a good brick dwelling house, bank barn and all other necessary outbuildings. A fine young apple orchard in good bearing condition, and a variety of other fruit trees, as well as never-failing water, also on the premises. It is altogether one of the most desirable small farms in Penn's Valley.

ALSO, on the same day in Millheim, 8 Acres of land within the Borough limits of said town, adjoining lands of H. H. Weiser, estate of S. H. Meyer, and others.

ALSO, on

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 10TH 1881,

on the premises. That certain FARM NEAR SNYDERTOWN, in Nittany Valley, now occupied by Jacob Gobble. It contains 142 Acres more or less, all cleared and under cultivation except about 25 acres. It is divided into four separate pieces, and is adjoined by lands of *B. F. Beck*, Jacob Lutz, E. Lehmpach, Adam Decker, John Beck, John Emerick—Estates, Henry Beck, James Martin, Philip Walter, and estate of Thomas Huston. The improvements are a 2-story dwelling house, bank barn and other outbuildings. Orchard and water on the premises, convenient to school and church. Valuable and productive farm.

Sale to commence at one o'clock of said day, when terms will be made known by

JOHN P. RUNKLE,
B. O. DEININGER,
Executors

L. C. & S. C. RAIL ROAD.

TRAINS LEAVE WESTWARD.

	1 A. M.	3 A. M.	5 P. M.	7 P. M.
Montandon	7.00	9.15	2.20	6.45
Lewisburg	ar 7.15	10.00	2.35	7.00
Lewisburg	lv 7.25			
Fair Ground	7.30	10.05	2.40	
Biehl	7.43	10.21	2.51	
Vicksburg	7.47	10.30	2.57	
Millinburg	8.03	10.51	3.13	
Millmont	8.25	11.20	3.35	
Laurelton	8.36	ar 11.35	3.46	
Wicker Run	9.00		4.11	
Cherry Run	9.17		4.30	
Fowler	9.27		4.50	
Coburn	9.48		5.02	
Spring Mills	10.15		ar 5.30	

TRAINS LEAVE EASTWARD.

	2 A. M.	4 A. M.	6 P. M.	8 P. M.
Montandon	ar 6.30	ar 8.30	ar 1.20	ar 5.30
Lewisburg	6.35	9.15	1.65	6.15
Fair Ground		9.10	1.60	6.10
Biehl		9.01	12.48	6.00
Vicksburg		8.56	12.42	5.55
Millinburg		8.33	12.25	5.40
Millmont		8.25	12.02	5.20
Laurelton		8.15	11 50	5.10
Wiker Run		7.48		4.47
Cherry Run		7.31		4.30
Fowler		7.10		4.10
Coburn		6.58		4.00
Spring Mills		6.39		3.50

Trains Nos. 1 and 2 connect at Montandon with Erie Mail west for Williamsport, Lock Haven, Kane, Corry and Erie, and Buffalo and Niagara Falls via Emporium, also Elmira, Watkins, Buffalo and Niagara Falls via Canandaigua.

Nos. 3 and 4 connect with Pacific Express east for Harrisburg, Baltimore, Washington, Philadelphia and New York.

Nos. 5 and 6 connect with Day Express east for Harrisburg, Baltimore, Washington, Philadelphia and New York, and Niagara Express west for Williamsport, Lock Haven and Renovo, Tyrone, Altoona and Pittsburg via Lock Haven, also Elmira, Watkins and Buffalo, and Niagara Falls via Canandaigua.

Nos. 7 and 8 connect with Fast Line west for Williamsport and Lock Haven.

No. 8 also connects with Erie Mail east for Harrisburg, Baltimore, Washington, Philadelphia and New York.

PENNSYLVANIA RAIL ROAD.

Philadelphia & Erie R. R. Div.

SUMMER TIME TABLE.

On and after SUNDAY, June 12th, 1881, the trains on the Philadelphia & Erie Railroad Division will run as follows:

WESTWARD.

ERIE MAIL leaves	Philadelphia	11 55 p. m.
"	Harrisburg	4 25 a. m.
"	Williamsport	8 40 a. m.
"	Jerseyshore	9 00 a. m.
"	Lock Haven	9 49 a. m.
"	Renovo	11 05 a. m.
NIAGARA EXP. leaves	Philadelphia	9 00 a. m.
"	Harrisburg	12 15 p. m.
"	arr. at Williamsport	5 15 p. m.
"	Lock Haven	4 20 p. m.
"	Renovo	5 30 p. m.
"	Kane	10 05 a. m.
FAST LINE leaves	Philadelphia	12 10 p. m.
"	Harrisburg	4 00 p. m.
" arr. at	Williamsport	7 55 p. m.
"	Lock Haven	9 10 p. m.

EASTWARD.

PACIFIC EXP. leaves	Lock Haven	7 05 a. m.
"	Jersey Shore	7 37 a. m.
"	Williamsport	8 20 a. m.
" arr. at	Harrisburg	12 05 p. m.
"	Philadelphia	3 20 p. m.
"	Kane	6 00 a. m.
DAY EXPRESS leaves	Lock Haven	11 25 a. m.
"	Williamsport	12 25 p. m.
" arr. at	Harrisburg	3 40 p. m.
"	Philadelphia	6 45 p. m.
"	Erie	11 35 a. m.
ERIE MAIL leaves	Renovo	9 00 p. m.
"	Lock Haven	10 10 p. m.
"	Williamsport	11 30 p. m.
" arr. at	Harrisburg	3 00 a. m.
"	Philadelphia	7 35 a. m.
FAST LINE leaves	Williamsport	12 15 a. m.
" arr. at	Harrisburg	5 15 a. m.
"	Philadelphia	7 35 a. m.

Erie Mail and Fast Line and Pacific Express East make close connections at Northumberland with L. & B. R. R. trains for Wilkesbarre and Scranton.

Erie Mail West, Niagara Express West and Fast Line West make close connection at Williamsport with N. C. R. W. trains north.

Niagara Express West and Day Express East make close connection at Lock Haven with E. V. R. R. trains.

Erie Mail East and West connect at Erie with trains on L. S. & M. S. R. R.; at Corry with B. P. & W. R. R.; at Emporium with B. N. Y. & P. R. R., and at Driftwood with A. V. R. R.

Parlor cars will run between Philadelphia and Williamsport on Niagara Express West and Day Express East. Sleeping cars on all night trains.

WM. A. BALDWIN, General Sup't.

CENTRE HALL
Furniture Store.
WM. R. CAMP,
PROPRIETOR.

Walnut & Fancy Chamber Suits, Lounges, Bureaus, Bedsteads, Sinks, WASHSTANDS, Parlor Tables, Breakfast Tables, Extension Tables, Wood and Cane Seat Chairs, Mattresses, Spring Beds, and everything else in the Furniture line at the lowest prices. I hope to merit the patronage of the public by good work and moderate prices. Please call and see my stock before you go out of your own valley for your furniture. You can do fully as well at home as you can anywhere else.

TRY ME!

FARMERS'
Supply Store.

OLIVER CHILLED PLOWS.

The most complete plow made. Light running and durable. Price reduced. Three shares—"C" share for ordinary plowing; "B. S." share for dry ground, and "S" share for hard baked soil or stony land, chilled and polished; price 50 cents each. It is the best plow in the world for plowing dry baked or gravely soil. We challenge any other plow to compete with it.

Grain Drill.

The very best; gum spring, rear shifter, fertilizer attachment, with other improvements. Lowest prices.

Fodd r Cutter.

Cuts and crushes fodder. Warranted to do more satisfactory crushing than any other fodder cutter made. Will also cut Hay and Straw.

Farmer's Chop Mills,

Cider Mills with Presses, hand or horse power, Washing Machines, easily operated: a boy or girl of 14 years can do twice as much washing with half the labor that an adult can do.

The Best Clothes Washer,

warranted for 5 years, and satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. *The best, most efficient and most durable washer in the world.* It has no rival and is the only machine that will *wash perfectly clean without rubbing.* It can be used in any size tub, or shifted from one tub to another in a moment. Is so simple and easy operated that the most delicate lady, or child 10 years old can do the work. It is made of Galvanized Iron and is the only washer that has the *Rubber Bands on the Rollers* which prevent the breaking of buttons and injury to clothes. Price very low.
No Family can afford to do without it.

Threshers and Separators.

10 horse. The 12 and 16 Level-tread Power and Separator for 1 and 2 horses.

Bells.

Farm, School and Church Bells, of the most improved make at very low prices.

Sewing Machines.

We sell a $40 machine for $30.
We sell a $45 machine for $33.
We sell a $70 machine for $35.
We sell a $55 machine for $27.50.
We sell a $60 machine for $30.
Warranted to be new, first class machines in every respect. It pays farmers and others to come to our store to buy their supplies.

Conklin Wagons.

Buggies, Carriages, and Platform Spring Wagons.

Two-horse Cultivators.

For cultivating fallows, at very low prices.

Corn Shellers, Straw Cutters, Spring-Toothed Harrows,

And a full line of Farm Implements always on hand. Call and see the GIANT CROSS-CUT in operation.

Store opposite Bush House, Bellefonte, Pa.

ALEXANDER & CO.

THE NEW VICTOR.

SIMPLICITY SIMPLIFIED!

Improvements September, 1878.

Notwithstanding the VICTOR has long been the peer of any Sewing Machine in the market—a fact supported by a host of volunteer witnesses—we now confidently claim for it greater simplicity, a wonderful reduction of friction and a rare combination of desirable qualities. Its shuttle is a beautiful specimen of mechanism, and takes rank with the highest achievements of inventive genius. *Note.*—We do not lease or consign Machines, therefore, have no old ones to patch up and re-varnish for our customers.

We Sell New Machines Every Time.

Send for Illustrated Circular and prices. Liberal terms to the trade. Don't buy until you have seen the

Most Elegant, Simple and Easy Running Machine in the Market.—The Ever Reliable VICTOR.

VICTOR SEWING MACHINE COMPANY,
Western Branch Office, 235 STATE ST., CHICAGO, ILL. MIDDLETOWN, CONN.

IT WILL PAY YOU
—TO VISIT—
J. R. Smith & Co's.
MAMMOTH SUPPLY DEPOT,
NOS. 110, 113 & 114 FRONT STREET,
MILTON, PA.

We are now offering the largest stock and greatest variety of

Furniture, House Furnishing Goods, &c.,

in the State, at PRICES BEYOND COMPETITION, consisting in part of Ash and Plain Furniture

All the latest Designs,

in Walnut, Oak, Cherry, Mahogany and Ebony. We make a

Specialty in Parlor Suits,

and will sell them lower than any Party in the state. Prices ranging FROM $30 TO $350. If you contemplate buying a

PIANO, ORGAN OR SEWING MACHINE,

it will pay you to write us for prices. We also carry a large line of extra Super, Body and Tapestry Brussels Carpets.

A Good Brussels Carpet at 70 cts. per yard.

Our stock of Plain, Cut and Engraved Table Glass-ware, Plain and Decorated French China, Silver Plated-ware, Lamps and Chandeliers, &c.
is well worth your inspection. Our sales exceed those of any House in our line in the state.

LOW PRICES DO IT.

We extend an invitation to you to visit us and will take pleasure in showing you through our various Departments.

FOR
Boots Shoes, and Slippers
GO TO
KAMP'S
BOOT & SHOE STORE
when visiting Lock Haven,
and look at the
Largest and Cheapest Stock
OF
BOOTS & SHOES
in Central Pennsylvania.
My Motto is
'Large Sales and Small Profits.'
JACOB KAMP,
THE BOOT & SHOE MAN OF
LOCK HAVEN.

EXCELSIOR
STEAM DYE WORKS
LEWISBURG, PA.
W. Davis,
Proprietor.

My Factory has all the machinery and facilities of a first class establishment of its kind. My experience in the business extends over many years, both in this country and in Europe, and am therefore enabled to do strictly first class work at moderate prices.

THE JOURNAL STORE,
Millheim, Pa.,

has accepted an agency from me. All goods brought there for dying will be returned free of extra charge.

B F. KISTER,
FASHIONABLE BOOT & SHOEMAKER,
MILLHEIM, PA.
Shop next door to Foote's store, Main St.

BOOTS, SHOES and GAITERS made to order, and satisfactory work guaranteed. Repairing done promptly and cheaply, and in a neat style.

HATS JUST RECEIVED AND UNPACKED HATS
HATS My New Spring Stock of HATS
HATS MILLINERY GOODS, HATS3
HATS Which Embraces all the new styles and colors, including the very fashionable HATS
HATS LEGHORN, FRENCH CHIP, AMERICAN CHIP, STRAW, PORCUPINE, TUSCAN HAT
HATS Braid, &c., which I have in great variety, at my store HATS
HATS PENN STREET, MILLHEIM, HATS
HATS HATS
HATS I can suit all purses as I sell both cheap and costly goods. HATS
HATS Trimmed Hats and Bonnets, Untrimmed Goods, Silk rimmings, HATS
HATS Artificial Flowers, and everything desirable in any line. Your trade re- HATS
HATS spectfully solicited. MRS. ANNA M. WEAVE. HATS

The Model Grocery.
S. P. KEKSTETTER,
Proprietor.
MARKET STREET, LEWISBURG, PA.

Dealer in first class Groceries of all kinds, Flour and Feed, Wood and Willowware.

Queensware a Speciality.

sell a *White Granite Tea Sett*, 46 *pieces, for* $30. All other Queensware in proportion.

Just received the finest lot of China Ware ever brought to this place.

If you come to Lewisburg don't fail to give me a call and get the best bargains you ever had.

WOULD YOU BE RESTORED TO SOUND MANHOOD? *A Cure Guaranteed.* Sufferers from the above disease (Nervous Debility) will find permanent relief from the use of EGAN'S COMPOUND ELIXIR and ORGANIC PILLS. Not a quack nostrum but the genuine prescription used in my regular practice for the past seven years. Elixir, $2 per package or 3 for $4. Pills $1 per box, or 3 for $2. Severe cases require 3 to 5 bottles of the Elixir, with two or three boxes of the pills. Goods sent to any address on receipt of price. J. Y. EGAN,
Ogdensburg, N. Y.

GILMORE & CO.
LAW & COLLECTION HOUSE,
629 F Street, Washington, D. C.

Make Collections, Negotiate Loans and attend to all business confided to them. LAND SCRIP, Soldier's Additional Homestead Right and LAND WARRANTS bought and sold.

The Millheim Journal.

THURSDAY, AUG. 4., '81.

DEININGER & BUMILLER,
Editors and Proprietors.

Local Department.

—A fine lot of Scrap Pictures just received at the Journal Store.

—Sixty-five liquor dealers were arrested in Wilkesbarre for selling liquor on Sunday.

—A new station called "Jenkins," has been established on our rail road, about 1½ miles west of Lewisburg.

—As far as heard from the vicinity of Somerset is the boss place for rattlesnakes this season.

—The Union county papers are beginning to agitate the question of a harvest home picnic.

—The Miltonian says the car works at that place turn out nine finished cars per day.

—Our friend Hon. W. K. Alexander has returned home again from Texas safe and sound.

—Ayer's Ague Cure is a purely vegetable bitter and a powerful tonic, free from quinine or any mineral substance, and always cures the severest cases.

—Lycoming county has sixty six candidates from both parties for the office of County Commissioner. Only three can be successful.

—Oats harvest is upon us, and soon we will have those delightful night concerts by myriads of crickets and katydids.

—A creamery has been established at the Union county fair grounds. Two cents per quart will be paid for milk during August.

—Our editor is at Pine Grove attending a Lutheran conference; but the other fellow is on board to write locals, entertain candidates and fill up blank receipts.

WANTED.—About 3500 first class 1½ inch yellow pine flooring in the rough. Need not be fully dry. Inquire at the *Journal* office. tf.

—Don't skip the column of cards on our first outside page. It has been revised, rearranged and improved, and will tell you where to find good doctors, lawyers, auctioneers, hotels or where to advertise.

—WANTED, at the *Journal* office, on subscription or other accounts, 10 bushels of potatoes, 25 bushels of corn, several gallons of good apple butter. If you have any of these articles to spare and owe us, bring them along.

—Bellefonte has organized a Board of Trade, which is an institution intended to further the Manufacturing and commercial interests of the place. Has Millheim no use for such a *masheen*?

—A fellow named Kepler down in Snyder county advertises himself as a Notary Public, Surveyor, Conveyancer, Real Estate and Insurance Agent. Surely he ought to be able to make a living.

—J. A. LIMBERT, the new mail contractor, has procured a fine new wagon and is prepared to carry express packages and other goods from Coburn to Woodward and all intermediate points at reasonable charges. tf

—Ulrich's pottery is up and will soon be completed and running. But will not somebody please inform us when a woolen factory, axe factory, furniture factory, or something of the kind will go up? We pause for a reply—and don't let us pause too long.

—Do you want to buy a farm in Nittany valley or in Penn township, or a small piece of land near Millheim? If so read the notice and sale bills of the executors of Jonathan Philips, deceased, and be on hand on the days of sale, Sept. 3rd and Sept. 10th next.

—Prof. W. T. Meyer will give another term of lessons in instrumental music at the following places, beginning at Rebersburg, Aug. 8th; Millheim, Aug. 9th; Coburn and Aaronsburg, Aug. 10th. Pupils will please take notice of this arrangement. 2t

—MR. CHARLES W. BURD, of Aaronsburg, is in the employ of Messrs. Alexander & Co., as soliciting agent. He sells sewing machines and takes orders for wagons, agricultural implements, &c. Charley is "a good clever fellow," and deserves to be paronized.

—I have suffered for years with irritation in the stomach, loss of appetite, restlessness at night, irritability of temper; two bottles D. R. V. G. has cured me. I am well now.
Chas D. Smith, of the *Courier*, Syracuse, N. Y. Guaranteed by all Druggists.

—The *Republican* of last week announces Isaac Lose, of Bellefonte, as a candidate for Sheriff, and Simon M. Spangler, of Miles township, for Commissioner. We understand that John H. Musser, of Aaronsburg, is also "mentioned" for Commissioner, although not yet announced.

Nota Bene.—That is a Latin term and means *mark well* or *take notice*. Now, if you are a candidate and owe us for announcing your name or printing tickets, please mark well or take notice—we are not particular which—that we desire to be paid *before* the meeting of the convention, as it will very probably go hard for you to pay after that. So please N. B.

—ELIAS MUSSER, at the toll gate above Millheim, is regularly authorized to keep a boarding house during the continuance of the Evangelical camp meeting. He is prepared to furnish meals, refreshments of all kinds and horse feed. The camp ground is only about a fourth of a mile from the toll gate. 2t

—Every one that knows me, knows I have for 15 years swallowed thousands of different nostrums for Dyspepsia and Billiousness, all to no good. D. R. V. G. has cured me.
H. P. Smith, Editor *Sunday Times*, Syracuse, N. Y. Guaranteed by all dealers in Drugs.

—Felty Breon will please accept the best thanks of the editors for the delicious and very seasonable gift of a bushel of fine apples. Felty thoroughly understands how to do at least two things namely to make tip top first class flour—and to make glad the hearts of the poor printers. Bravo!

—Whitcomb's Clothing and Furnishing Store, is the largest, best, fullest and cheapest establishment of its kind in Lock Haven if not in this part of the state. He is an active, wide awake businessman and buys and sells at the lowest possible price. If you go to Lock Haven by all means call and see his extensive and well selected stock of clothing, boots and shoes, hats and other gentlemen's furnishing goods. 2t

—The candidates that called to see us within the last week and pay their respects—some even paid their bills—and inquire how the thing looks, were John F. Gray, T. B. Jamison, J. G. Meyer, D. T. Wieland, S. K. Faust, J. G. Larimer, Wm. H. Miller, Frank E. Bible, Michael Kerstetter, Joseph L. Neff, John Coldren, John Rishel and John K. Runkle. A few more days, men and brethren, and the agony will be over.

—D. R. V. G. cured me of Dyspepsia and Urinal difficulty. No one should be without it.
Truly, A. A. Howlett, President Salt Springs National Bank, Syracuse, N. Y. Guaranteed by all Druggists.

ROBBERIES.—On Thursday night several robberies were committed in our neighboring town, Woodward. Entrance was effected into the dwelling house of John C. Motz, Esq., from whom a valuable watch was stolen. The cellar of Mr. Solomon Ettlinger was also pretty well cleaned out of things good to eat. A number of candidates stayed at Woodward that night and it is strongly hinted that they are guilty of the dirty tricks.

—A few typographical errors happened in last week's *Journal* which we would rather see in some other paper; but we were so crowded by candidates, preachers, professors, good clever fellows and *other* loafers that we could scarcely turn our diminutive little self even in our spacious sanctum. Friends, criticise us in charity and divide the blame between us and those who bothered us all the time, so that our share may not crush us to the ground.

At a meeting of the Democratic County Committee held at Bellefonte, July 28th, the following persons were appointed to hold the delegate elections in the townships named, Saturday next:

Gregg, North,	James Duck, Israel Vonada, Wm. Weaver.
Gregg, South,	Ed. Kramerine, L. M. Bishel, H. B. Hering.
Penn,	C. Alexander, W. F. Smith, A. W. Ulrich.
Millheim,	D. L. Zerby, Jacob Aiter, W. H. B. Eisenhuth.
Miles,	S. K. Faust, Sidney Krumrine, Henry Meyer.
Haines,	Sol. Ettlinger, John W. Runkle, J. Wilson Russel.

[For want of space we only name the election boards in our district.]

—Our farmers of Penn's and Brush Valleys will find that the advertisement of Alexander & Co., in this issue contains much to interest them. It is needless for us to say that this firm is the most extensive as well as the most reliable in its line, in Centre county. Their business is to deal with farmers. They not only supply them with all kinds of machinery, seed and fertilizers, of the best makes and quality, but they buy their grain and pay the highest market price in cash for it, which makes them a very desirable house to deal with.

They are the best posted firm in the county on commercial fertilizers. They know what they sell and give farmers the most value for their money. A trial of their fertilizers will convince our readers that what we affirm is true. Farmers, now is the time to protect your own interests.

A CARD.

TO THE DEMOCRACY OF CENTRE CO:

Upon my return home on Tuesday morning, after a week's enforced absence, I was surprised to find reports in circulation that I was no longer a candidate before the Democratic voters of Centre county for nomination for the office of Register. These reports are unauthorized, incorrect and unfounded. I have not withdrawn from the contest, and my name thereof, remains before the public as a candidate. I ask my friends in all parts of the county to favor me with their support, believing that my past devotion to the Democratic party and its principles, entitle me to the recognition which I now ask at their hands. My present duties to the Company in whose service I have been employed during the past twelve years, render it impossible for me to make any further personal canvass of the county, I can only rely upon the favor and assistance of my friends, promising them, whether successful or unsuccessful, that their efforts in my behalf will be held in grateful remembrance. With this correction of an erroneous report, and this explanation, I submit my candidacy to the considerate judgment of the Democracy of Centre county. Very respectfully,
JAMES A. MCCLAIN.

Milesburg, July 26, 1881.

MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT.—The Singing Class of this place, so ably conducted by Prof. J. H. Kurzenknabe, of Harrisburg, their popular teacher, will close their session on Wednesday Evening, Aug. 10th 1881, with a grand concert, in the Evangelical church in Millheim.

The Programme consists of Solos, Duetts, Quartettes, Choruses, Glees, Charades, Representations &c., and promises to furnish one of the finest Musical Treats ever presented to our people.

Many of our selections will be fully represented on the popular Kindergarten plan, and the friends of Select and Sacred Song may expect an evening of pleasure and delight. Admission only 25 cts. children 15cts. Tickets to be obtained of the scholars, and at the Journal Book Store.

—MILTON was one of the most enterprising and flourishing towns in the state before the great fire and since that sad catastrophe befell the beautiful borough her citizens have developed an energy and power to raise a new and far better town upon the smouldering ruins, that is as astonishing as it is praiseworthy. Among the very best of her fine new buildings is the Mammoth Supply Store of J. R. Smith & Co. They are practical and eminently successful business men and know just what they are about. Their immense stock of all kinds and grades of furniture, carpets, silver plated ware, glass ware, plain and decorated China ware, pianos and organs, sewing machines and general household supplies, is so varied as to suit all possible tastes and purses. You can find no better place to buy anything in their line—and they have a very *long* line—in Pennsylvania. Read their advertisement in another column.

Chairman Dill has called a meeting of the Democratic State Committee, at Harrisburg, Aug. 10th, to fix a time and place for the meeting of the next state convention. We suggest Millheim as the place, and are ready to entertain a motion as to the time.

Communicated.

Messrs. Editors:—Will you allow me a little space in your columns to present a plea for one of the most deserving candidates on the list? I allude to Mr. Joseph Smith, of Gregg township. Mr. Smith's "claims" are not many but they are strong. He is a plain, honest working man, has a stainless character for honesty and integrity, is abundantly competent for the position (Treasurer) and has always been a faithful democrat. Besides this, Gregg township has the strongest local claims for her candidates of any township or borough in the county. She has several times presented good men for office but has uniformly been ignored these many years. None of her citizens have been favored with a county office, except Auditor, since Richard Conly was elected Sheriff, eighteen years ago—and even he lives so near the Potter township line that all his social and bussiness connections and interests were in that township.

The facts and considerations here plainly but briefly presented, should receive, and I hope will receive, due consideration by the coming county convention. JUSTICE.

Gregg township, Aug. 2nd 1881.

In the whole History of Medicine

No preperation has ever performed such marvelous cures, or maintained so wide a reputation, as AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, which is recognized as the world's remedy for all diseases of the throat and lungs. Its long continued series of wonderful cures in all climates has made it universally known as a safe and reliable agent to employ. Against ordinary colds, wich are the forerunners of more serious disorders, it acts speedily and surely, always relieving suffering, and often saving life. The protection it affords, by its timely use in throat and chest disorders, makes it an invaluable remedy to be kept always on hand in every home. No person can afford to be without it, and those who have once used it never will. From their knowledge of its composition and effects, physicians use the CHERRY PECTORAL extensively in their practice, and clergymen recommend it. It is absolutely certain in its remedial effects, and will always cure where cures are possible.
FOR SALE BY ALL DEALERS.

JURY LIST FOR AUGUST TERM.

GRAND JURY.

Dav Deitrick, Walker	J Musser, Jr, Ferguson
H A Moore, Howard	J Wilmer Wolf, Potter
Wm Wike, Half Moon	Jac F Stover, Haines
Mich Pletcher, Liberty	D B Malone, Boggs
S Williams, Huston	John B Bitner, Potter
Henry Heaton, Boggs	Peter Robb, Curtin
John Callahan, Rush	F P Musser, Millheim
John Biddle, Patton	J Gunsaulus, Snowshoe
G W Swartz, Millheim	T Brungard, Miles
L C Rearick, Spring	W McCormick, Jr., Pe'r
S A Marshall, Benner	J B Rockey, Benner
Wm Young, Worth	Conrad Singer, Curtin

TRAVERSE JURORS—FIRST WEEK.

John Love, Ferguson	J Cronister, Half Moon
W R Camp, Potter	J A Crider, Boggs
O M Sheets, Ferguson	J S Boal, Harris
Em'l Peter, College	Constans Curtin, Boggs
Lewis Mench, Haines	S Mattern, Half Moon
N J McCloskey, Curtin	Henry Wolf, Miles
E R Jones, Worth	John Gingrich, Worth
J F Ward, Ferguson	Wm Stiver, Potter
John Weaver, Harris	John F Miller, Potter
E B Hosterman, Potter	E Poorman, Snow Shoe
Geo W Fleck, Boggs	Wm A Kerr, Potter
Jos Gilliland, Potter	Geo Kaufman, Spring
Dan K Miller, Marion	Aaron Ulrich, Penn
W Zimmerman, B'nside	Geo Martz, College
Thomas Lingle, Potter	D L Zerby, Penn
Dan Glossner, Liberty	Lowrey Shope, Boggs
C M Sellers, Patton	W Clevenstine, Walker
W Bartholomew, Gregg	Wm Bradford, Harris
D W Holt, Philipsburg	Ed Krumrine, Gregg
Uriah Stover, Haines	Hiram Blowers, Taylor
T Walker, Snow Shoe	Fergus Potter, Harris
B F Homan, Ferguson	J Confer, Jr., Harriss
W R Mattern, Huston	Daniel Roush, Miles
George Bower, Haines	W C Farmer, Potter

TRAVERSE JURORS—SECOND WEEK.

C Dale, Benner	Hen Emerick, Gregg
John R Bair, Millheim	Jacob H Wile, Haines
J H Holt, Snow Shoe	J B Mitchell, Ferguson
A Cheney, Worth	John Ruth, Miles
L T Munson, Bellef'te	E Zimmerman, Boggs
G W Rhoads, Benner	D Dunkle, Sr., Walker
Geo W Wilson, Union	H L Harvey, Boggs
G R Spigelmyer, Haines	J G Jones, Worth
Jas B Lane, Bellefonte	Dan Beanes, Taylor
Wm Beckwith, Worth	D Z Kline, Bellefonte
G M Swartz, Bellefonte	Al Jones, Philipsburg
D H Parker, Philipsb'g	W H Wilkinson, Bellef'
G F Emerick, Benner	Chas Holt, Snow Shoe
F McFarlane, Harris	Sam'l Bathurst, Boggs
David Evans, Potter	C Eckenroth, Spring
J Dumbleton, Rush	A J Shivery, Benner
G D Johnston, Howard	John Luth, Spring
Jas Irvin, Bellefonte	Dan A Grove, College

DIED.

On the 17th ult., at Tylersville, Mrs. Barbara Bierly, aged 66 years, 2 months and 10 days.

On the 24th ult., at Madisonburg, Mrs Philippena Klinefelter, aged 59 years, 8 months and 14 days.

Millheim Market.

Corrected every Wednesday by Gephart & Musser.

Wheat No.	1.00
Wheat No. 2	95
Corn	45
Rye	75
Oats White	35
Oats, Black	32
Buckwheat	
Flour	5.40
Bran & Shorts, per ton	18 00
Salt, per Bbl	1.75
Plaster, ground	10.00
Cement, per Bushel	45 to 50
Barley	50
Timothyseed	
Flaxseed	
Cloverseed	
Butter	15
Hams	12
Sides	8
Veal	
Pork	
Beef	
Eggs	16
Potatoes	50
Lard	10
Tallow	
Soap	6
Dried Apples	6
Dried Peaches	10
Dried Cherries	

COAL MARKET.

Egg Coal	$5.50
Stove "	5.75
Chestnut "	5.50
Pea "	

P. GEPHART. P. A. MUSSER

GEPHART & MUSSER

DEALERS IN

Clover
Flour, &
Feed,
Coal,
Plaster
& Salt

MILLHEIM PA.,

Highest market price paid for all kinds of

GRAIN

Delivered either at the BRICK MILL or at the old MUSSER MILL, in MILLHEIM.

COAL, PLASTER & SALT

Always on hand and sold at prices that defy competition.

A share of the public patronage respectfully solicited. 38-1y

D. R. V. G.

Stomach, Kidney, Liver, Ashes, It is the best ... in the World. ... Druggists to give perfection or money Try it. Our Vitalized Tonic Bitters,—the best ... potter in the World. Call for ... D. R. V. G. Mfg. Co., Prop'r, 84 Washington St. BOSTON, MASS. New York Depot, ... St. Offenbach, ... Paris.

Farmers' Supplies.

SEEDS.

Mammoth and Small Clover Seed.
Choice Timothy Seed.
White Clover Seed.

Alsyke, or Swedish Clover Seed.
Orchard Grass Seed.
Kentucky Blue Grass Seed.

Red Top Grass Seed.
Lawn Grass Seed.
Meadow Foxtail Grass Seed.

Meadow Fescue Grass Seed.
Sweet-scented Vernal Grass Seed.
Rough-leek Meadow Grass Seed.

Hard Fescue Grass Seed.
Tall Oat Grass Seed.
Crested Dogstail Grass Seed.

Perrenial Rye Grass Seed.
Italian Rye Grass Seed.
Corn, and other grass seed.

Farmers and owners of pasture lots can grow *grass* instead of weeds, by sowing a mixture of the above seeds. It has been demonstrated by practical experiment that a variety of grass will keep up a continuous pasture and prevent the growth of weeds

FERTILIZERS'.

We can deliver to Coburn and Spring Mills Stations, the very best fertilizers made. Bakers High Grade Ammoniated Bone Phosphate in Car load lots, only $35.00 per ton, in cars at Station.

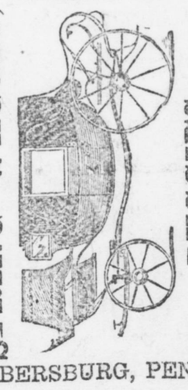
South Carolina Bone Phosphate only $29.00 per ton, in car load lots, at Station.

Farmers Supply Store opposite Bush House, Bellefonte, Pa.

ALEXANDER & CO.

JOHN S. FISHER,

Manufacturer of



CARRIAGES, SPRING WAGONS, BUGGIES, SLEIGHS.

REBERSBURG, PENNA.

1881. MIDSUMMER. 1881.

H. R. WHITCOMB,

LOCK HAVEN, PA.

Takes this method to announce to the people of Penns. Brush and Sugar Valleys that after a highly successful season he still has,

25,000 WORTH OF CLOTHING,

to select from, and in order to reduce this large stock quickly he has reduced his prices from 10 to 50 per cent.

We have revolutionized the Clothing business in Lock Haven. You can get as good a suit from us as any tailor can make, and at less than half the price; and for style and fit they are often superior. Boys like stylish suits as well as men, and we have them in all grades.

Boys Clothing is a Specialty With Us.

No use looking for better goods for boys than we have—you can't find them. No living man shall be allowed to give their customers better value for their money than can always be found at my store. And where is the mother that likes to make children's clothes? Can't make them fit. "Never look well", is the complaint of every one. We've got all grades and they are just cute and nobby as they can be. A change of weather means a change of clothes; a change of clothes requires a change of patterns and styles of materials. The house that has the choicest and newest changes in styles and patterns is likely to secure the greatest number of new customers and best please and retain its old patrons. In these days it is not everything that looks like clothing that will sell, but in the keen competition between different houses it will be the survival of the fittest.

OUR CLOTHING IS

Unequalled in Quality,
Unexcelled in Style,
Unexceptional in Fit.

And the people have, by a large majority, decided to patronize

WHITCOMB.

We have a much larger stock of new style Hats than all the other stores in Lock Haven together, and our prices are always the lowest. Full stock of Trunks, Bags, &c. Gents' Furnishings, a large line of

BOOTS & SHOES

sold at from 10 to 25 per cent. cheaper than anywhere else in this section. Call and see us. Special prices to parties from a distance.

WHITCOMB,
BIG FLAG SIGN,
LOCK HAVEN, PA.

BEE HIVE

Dry Goods House of Lock Haven for

SPRING AND SUMMER OF 1881.

Never since the establishment of this great Dry Goods House have we done such an extensive business as we have done this spring. We will in a few days open our fourth immense stock for the Spring and Summer of 1881. The people of Lock Haven, Clinton and Centre counties are showing their great appreciation of the wonderful bargains we are offering in our entire stock. First class goods, only honest dealing, no misrepresentations and low prices always win. This is the motto on which we have built up our enormous trade and will here say that we fully appreciate the liberal patronage of the People in sustaining a first class Dry Goods Store in Lock Haven, which it has been our humble effort for so me years to establish.

Our Dress Goods DEPARTMENT

is especially attractive and excels any effort we ever made in Fineness of Stock, richness of Patterns and in its great variety.

500 YARDS BEAUTIFUL

SUMMER SILKS

at 40, 45 and 50 cts per yard. Beautiful Black Dress Silks at 75 cts a yard. Heavy Gros Grain at 1.25 warranted not to crack or wear glossy. Beautiful Brocades in Black and all Colors. All colros of Satins and Dress Silks. 1000 yards Best Lawns in remnants from 3 to 15 yards. 9 cts. worth 15 cts.

THE LARGEST STOCK OF

Black and Colored Cashmeres

ever shown in Lock Haven at astonishingly low prices, and all the new Styles of Dress Goods to be found in any city store. 500 yards of the best Pantings for Men and Boys' wear, ever shown in this city. 10000 yds. Bleached and Brown Muslins to be sold at wholesale prices. 6000 yds. best Calico warranted fast colors at 4½ cts. Great bargains in Table Linen, Tickings and Towlings, &c. 200 Parasols 25 per cent less than usual price. 1000 Pairs Ladies Lisle Thread and Kid Gloves at prices that will astonish any one who is a judge of thei valu. An immense stock of Stockings, Laces, Ribbons, &c.

CARPETS, CARPETS, CARPETS.

Never was there shown in Lock Haven such a stock of Body Brussels Tapestry Brussel, 3 ply and Ingrain Carpet, as we show this season and our trade is eally immense on them. Beautiful Capets from 20 cts. a yard up wards.

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WANTED: 10000 lbs. wood tub washed wool for cash or exchange for these great bargains.

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IT STANDS at THE HEAD
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A Child can Run It.
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It Requires No Care.
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They are especially designed to meet the requirements of those who desire to dress well. They are unsurpassed in Style, perfect in Fit, and so simple that they are readily understood by the most inexperienced. Send 5c. for catalogue. Address,

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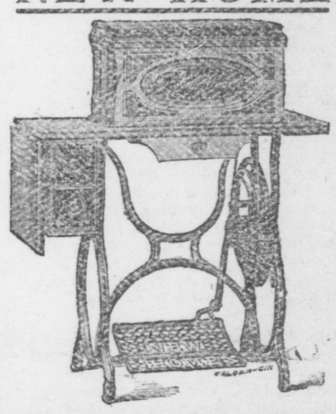

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The Simplest, Easiest Running, Most Reliable, and Most Durable Sewing Machine ever invented.
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NEW ARCHIMEDEAN
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Lawn Mowers.

These Mowers have become celebrated throughout the World, where lawns are cultivated, as being the most perfect and desirable Lawn Mowers ever made. They stand at the head of the list of Lawn Mowers in the U. S. and Europe. They contain all the improvements that experience in their manufacture can suggest; are beautifully finished, thoroughly made and do splendid work on every variety of lawn.

Hand Mower Sizes, from 8 to 18 inches. Pony and Horse Sizes, 24, 28 and 32 inches. Send for Circulars.

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CONSUMPTION

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THIS PAPER may be found on file at GEO. P. ROWELL & CO'S Newspaper Advertising Bureau (10 Spruce Street), where advertising contracts may be made for it in NEW YORK.

AGRICULTURE.

MUTTON.—Mutton is better adapted for a food for persons living in the country than beef. Most farmers are situated so far from a market that they can not obtain fresh meat to eat during the summer, when the hard labor in the fields demands an excellent diet. They cannot profitably dispose of the flesh of a steer slaughtered during hot weather even if they have an ice-house, One-quarter is as large a quantity as even a large family can consume before danger of spoiling occurs. It is difficult to cure beef in the summer so it will be certain to keep, even if one has a supply of ice. The like is true [illegible] meat from hogs during the summer. It is more difficult to cure pork than beef in the summer; and besides pork is not well suited for a general article of diet during very warm weather. The home supply of fresh meat in summer, however, can readily be obtained if a farmer keeps a flock of sheep. Mutton can be kept much longer in a fresh state than either beef or pork. Besides even the largest varieties of sheep are so much smaller than steers or hogs that their carcasses can be disposed of in a much shorter time. If a family is too small to consume all the meat furnished by a sheep a part can be salted. The meat is so thin, as compared with beef or pork, that every portion of it will absorb a sufficient amount of salt and sugar even when the weather is very warm. Many persons know nothing of the merits of corn beef. It has never occured to some farmers that mutton could be cured for future use. They corn and dry beef, salt and smoke pork, but if necessary eat mutton, if indeed they eat it all, when it is fresh. Now, any part of a sheep furnishes excellent eating when it is salted and boiled. In many respects it is superior to corned beef. It is more highly flavored and is better relished when eaten with potatoes and garden vegetables; stewed with sweet herbs it is a rare delicacy. The hams and shoulders of mutton are excellent when salted and smoked. The tongues of sheep are superior to those of cattle and pigs. Mutton is more easily digested than most kinds of meat, and in delicacy ranks next to the flesh of chickens and small game fowls.

MUD AND SAUCERS.—Take any common saucer or plate, into which put sand to the depth of an inch or so, then prepare cuttings in the usual manner in the sand close enough to touch each other. The sand is to be watered to bring it to the condition of mud. The saucer with the cuttings is then placed on the shelf of the greenhouse, in the hot bed, or in the sunny window of any room in the dwelling house; in each case fully exposed to the sun and never shaded. But one condition is essential to success—until cuttings become rooted, the sand must be kept continually saturated with water, and always in the condition of mud. To do this the saucer must be watered at least once a day with a very fine watering-pot, and the watering must be done very gently, else the cuttings may be washed out. There is every probability that at least ninety per cent. of all the cuttings put in will take root, provided they were in the proper condition, and the temperature has not been lower than sixty-five degrees nor above one hundred degrees. The cuttings will root (according to kinds and the temperature) in from six to twenty days. Verbenas, heliotropes, fuchsias, etc., root in a week, while roses, carnations, or azaleas take two, three or four weeks. When rooted they should be potted in light soil, in pots from two to three inches in diameter, and treated carefully by standing and watering for two or three days.

GARDEN SEEDS.—In purchasing seeds for the garden it should be borne in mind that a certain amount is necessary to produce a maximum crop. One ounce of seeds will produce 1,000 asparagus plants, 3,000 cabbage, 4,000 celery, 2,000 egg plants, 3,000 Kohl Rabbi, 3,000 lettuce, 2,000 peppers, 2,000 tomatoes, 500 rhubarb and 3,000 chicory. One ounce of the seeds named will be sufficient for the number of feet of drill following: carrot, 150 feet; onion, 100; parsley, 150; parsnip, 200; radish, 100; ruta baga, 205; spinach, 200.

BUGS.—There is no agent that will protect the vines from the ravages of the striped bug and squash bug so effectually as Paris green when applied to the vines as it is to potatoes for destroying the beetle. It is also efficient in destroying the rose bug.

An unexplained objection to the electric light arises from its alleged evil effects on the eyes. European observers state that the frequent variations in intensity to which the light is subject give rise to sudden and frequent changes in the pupil, and, consequently, in the "accommodation" of the eye, by which is meant that alternate contraction and dilation of the pupil, by which it suits itself to the variations of light. Such a light, therefore, causes not only muscular fatigue, but also a considerable degree of blurring and indistinctness in the retinal image. The eye suffers both when the light is too dim and when it is too bright. In the former case the object must be brought close to be clearly seen, and increased accommodative effort is called for, which in most cases results in near-sightedness. In the latter case, the simple intensity of the light produces undue contraction of the pupil, and an increase of tension within the eye.

An American has invented a berth, which is already adopted by several steamship lines, that is hung like a compass on double pivots, so as to conform itself to the motion of the vessel. It occupies only an inch more room than the ordinary berth, but is so arranged that those who wish to be "rocked in the cradle of the deep" can enjoy that pleasure by inserting a plug into the mechanism. As the majority of people are sick only when they stand up, the man who is to really diminish the discomforts of ocean travel must invent a way of double-jointing the vessel itself. The easiest way would be to make a vessel that would float on the crest of the waves without getting a broken back.

A paper lately read before an English society states that British heads are growing smaller, the dimensions having shrunk on an average one-seventh of an inch during the quarter of a century.

Prof. Huxley declares the supply of herring in the sea to be practically inexhaustible, and nothing which man can do in the ordinary way of destruction will ever appreciably diminish the stock.

M. Raoul Pictet, of Geneva, whose discoveries in the liquifaction of gases have given him a world-wide reputation, antulling alcohol by ice. He states that the method is a very cheap one.

Mr. W. Ground maintains that the philosophy of Herbert Spencer is hopelessly illogical, and that the analysis of it is in direct contradiction of the synthesis.

M. Jauemann proposes to manufacture an improved soap by dissolving 28 parts of soda-ash in 100 parts of molasses and then stirring in 100 parts of oleic acid.

DOMESTIC.

A HINT TO HOUSEKEEPERS.—I believe in systematic housekeeping when not carried to excess. It is very foolish to do work when you are not able, because it is the regular day for it. When a person is not well, it is best to do as you can, not as you would like. I am never very well, but still manage to get through with all my work. When I do not feel able to do all my washing in one day, let me tell you how I manage. I commence in the afternoon. (I know plenty of people will laugh, but never mind.) I clean all up in the morning, as carefully as though I were going to sewing instead of washing. After the [illegible] is all cleared away, I wash all the white clothes and have them ready to hang up in the morning. Then I have the night to rest in. Let some poor tired woman try it, and see if it is not better than doing all in one day, and be then sick two or three days afterward.

MINCED FOWL.—Cold roast fowl, a hard boiled egg, salt and pepper (or cayenne) to taste, three tablespoonfuls of new milk or cream, half an ounce of butter, one tablespoonful of flour, a tablespoontul of lemon juice. Mince the fowl and remove all skin and bones; put the bones, skin and trimmings into a stewpan, with one small onion, if agreeable to patient, and nearly one-half pint of water; let this stew for an hour, then strain liquor; chop the egg small; mix the egg with the fowl, add salt and pepper; put in the gravy and other ingredients; let the whole just boil, and serve with sippets of toasted bread.

PERFUMERS are aware of the curious fact that some of our sweetest and most delicately scented flowers are of no value for pertumery. For example, no process has yet been discovered by which the fragrance of sweet-brier and eglantine can be extracted and preserved, but a good imitation is produced by a compound of neroli oil, with alcoholic extracts of rose pomade and of orange flowers. Lily of the valley, which is likewise unavaliable to the perfumer, is well imitated by a combination of vanilla, extract of tuberose, jasmine and otto of almonds. Lilies are little used in perfumery, their odors being too powerful.

UNDER no circumstances should matches be allowed to "lie around loose" on mantlepiece or shelf. What are known as parlor matches light readily, and are as much more dangerous than the common matches as they are more convenient. The general stock should be kept in a tin box, which is not to be opened or taken from except by the master or mistress of the house. For each room where matches are used there should be a metal match safe of some kind, and the matches are to be kept in that and nowhere else.

GUARAPO OR PINEAPPLE SHRUB.—This is a South Amer can recipe. To four quarts of water add two good cups of sugar and a large pineapple chopped fine, with all the juice that runs from it. Place the mixture in a narrow neck water-jar or junk-bottle. Let it stand where the the heat is steady till it begins to ferment. In very warm weather it will need to stand about two days. When ready, place it on the ice till very cold and serve. It is delicious half frozen, but a little more sugar and pineapple should be added at first.

PUTTING AWAY WINTER CLOTHES.—Great care must be exercised in putting away winter clothes; clean paper sacks, or even old cotton or linen pillow cases will do to hold them, providing there are no holes in them. Take the garments that are to be laid away outdoors on a summer day, let them hang on a line for several hours, brush and beat the dust all out, then put into the bags, tie them up, so that no moth can get in, and lay them on clean, dry shelves, or hang them up.

A SIMPLE insecticide can be made as follows: Place a quantity of water sufficient for use in a kettle to boil; put in all the alum it will dissolve; when boiling hot, with a brush apply the solution to all cracks, closets, bedsteads and other places where insects are found. Ants, bed-bugs, cockroaches and creeping things are killed by it, while there is no danger of poisoning the family or injuring the property.

IF the housewife is not watchful, clothespins and lines will be left out over night to be ruined by rust and mildew. The pins should be counted and the lines wiped before being put away for the week. If not, dark spots and dingy stripes will be found on the clothes. Every housekeeper should provide the laundress with a pair of mittens for hanging out clothes, to be used for no other purpose.

PORK FRUIT CAKE.—Take 2 cups of sugar, 4 eggs, ½ pound of pork, chopped fine, 1½ cups of molasses, 2 teaspoonfuls cream tartar, 1 of soda, 1½ teaspoonfuls of nutmeg, 1 tablespoontul of cinnamon and cloves, 1½ cups of raisins, ½ pound of citron, 1 pound of currants, and 3 cups of flour. It makes a deep loaf. Bake very slowly for a few hours. Half the rule is good for a smaller loaf.

CREAM CAKES.—One cup boiling water, ½ cup butter melted in the water, 1 cup (heaping) flour stirred into the water. When all the flour is in, take it off the stove and scatter over it a good-sized pinch of soda, break and stir in, one at a time, 3 eggs; be sure and beat it hard; drop into a greased pan.

ICE CREAM CAKE.—Take the whites of 5 eggs, 1½ cups of sugar, 1½ cups of butter, 1 cup milk, ½ teaspoontul soda 1 teaspoonful cream tartar, 3 cups flour. Separate this mixture and color half with strawberry coloring. Flavor with vanilla, the white with lemon. Put in the white then pink. Bake slowly.

FLOWERS FOR THE DINNER-TABLE.—A pretty way to arrange such flowers as the sunflower, large oxeye daisy, hollyhock, or any of the old fashioned large common blossoms, is in a basin of some beauty in itself, not as a bouquet, but floating on the water, as it were, surrounded by appropriate leaves.

OMELET.—Take 5 eggs, beat the yolks and whites separately, 1 teaspoonful flour, mix smoothly with a cup of milk and a little salt. Pour into a buttered spider; when partly done, double it like a turnover.

TERRA ALBA, or white earth, is used to adulterate white sugars, cream of tartar, and other commonly used articles. Its use tends to produce disease of the kidneys, bladder and stomach.

ALL stimulants, even tea and coffee, act upon the system as poison, and are consequently injurious.

FOR children, a nearly infallible peptic corrective is a fast day passed in cheerful out-door exercise.

HUMOROUS.

WE have frequently wondered why a lady living in a suburban city or village, and whose husband goes to and fro on the trains, should get sick some day and say pathetically that the only thing that can cure her is the knowledge that her husband has brought from New York for the children a hobby horse and two or three little red wagons. The problem has at last been solved. Robins walked into the house proudly with the hobby horse and the little red wagons, placed them on the floor, and was pleased when the children laughed, and his wife's eyes sparkled, while her cheek grew ruddy with health. She drew his head down to her ear, and whispered, with delight, "Darling, you have been flirting on the trains a long while. Now that girls have seen you with the hobby horse and wagons they know that you are a married man!" But her triumph was not complete. He replied, "Dear, I got old Mr. Smith to buy them up for me, and have promised to buy a ticket for his straw berry festival."

[Reading, (Pa.) Times and Dispatch.]

Art and Oil.

The Norfolk *Virginian* of January 16, 1881, refers to the remarkable cure effected by St. Jacob's Oil in the case of Prof. Cromwell,—known the country over for his magnificent Art Illustrations— who had suffered excruciating torments from rheumatism, until he tried the Oil whoes effects he says were magical.

A WICKED man's diary of his wife's temper; Monday—A thick fog; no seeing through it. Tuesday —Gloomy and very chilly; unseasonable weather. Wednesday—Frosty; at times sharp. Thursday Bitter cold in the morning; red sunset, with flying clouds, portending hard weather. Friday—Storm in the morning, with peals of thunder; air clear afterward. Saturday—Gleams of sunshine, with partial thaw; frost again at night. Sunday—A light southwester in the morning; calm and pleasant at dinner-time; hurricane and earthquake at night.

SMALL CHILD—"B- - - -d—b-e d.

Nurse—"Now of course you know what bread is made from, and what it is for?"

Small Child—"It's made from flour and yeast, and everybody knows what it's for."

Smaller Child—"Yes, I should tink so; it's to put jam and 'lasses and butter on; that's what it's for.

THE small boy soon grows tired of a new drum. There is nothing in it.

[Rural New Yorker.]

The best people will vote for the best man every time. And we judge by the number of St. Jacob's Oil constituency, that it is the best remedy for the rheumatism known. Prof. Tice, of St. Louis, among others, says so.

"WE are all waifs," he said, bending toward her in the moonlight and holding on to the lace window curtains like a man giddy with emotions; "waifs cast up on the rugged shores of existence." "But," she replied, edging off a little, "you're too thin for a waif, Charlie; you're a wafer, and I like a healthy-looking man." He chewed up two yards of the curtain in silence and then went away without saying good night.

A TRAMP woke up suddenly with cold sweats standing in great heaps upon his forehead. "What's the matter?"—asked his companion. "A frightful dream! I dreamt I was at work!" "I told you that last mince pie would give you a horrid nightmare."

Women never Think!

If the crabbed old batchelor who uttered this sentiment could but witness the intense thought, deep study and thorough investigation of women in determining the best medicines to keep their families well, and would note their sagacity and wisdom in selecting Hop Bitters as the best and demonstrating it by keeping their families in perpetual health, at a mere nominal expense, he would be forced to acknowledge that such sentiments are baseless and false.

"THAT is probably the oldest piece of furniture in England," said a collector of antique curiosities to a friend pointing to a venerable-looking table as he spok. 'How old is it?" asked the friend. "Nearly 400 years." "Pshaw, that is nothing. I have an Arabic table over 2,000 years old." "Indeed!" "Yes; the multiplication table."

FIRST SWELL—"Does it seriously make no difference to you whether or not you are thirteen at a table?"

Second swell—"Why, yes, all the difference in the world, especially if there is only enough on the table for twelve."

"THAT milk is pretty blue, landlord." "Don't understand it, sir; my cow is well fed, I milk her myself, and I don't put water in the milk." "Well, the weather has been quite wet and I reckon the cow needs shingling; that's about it."

ARE you bald? CARBOLINE, a deodorized extract of petroleum, the only cure for baldness, has been improved, so that it is now the most delightful dressing in the world. The only real natural hair restorer ever produced.

CLERGYMAN: No, my dear, it is impossible to preach any kind of a sermon to such a congregation of jacks." Smart young lady. "And is that why you call them "dearly beloved brethren?"

DID you ever see a bald-headed man who didn't have such a beautiful head of hair" till "that fever," or something or other, took it off?"

ONE of the inexplicable phenomena of nature is the effect the emptying of a pan of ashes has in suddenly reversing the direction of the wind.

An Old Doctor's Advice.

It was this: "Trust in God and keep your bowels open." For this purpose many an old doctor has advised the habitually costive to take Kidney-Wort—for no other remedy so effectually overcomes this condition, and that without the distress and griping which other medicines cause. It is a radical cure for piles. Don't fail to use it.—Translated from the NEW YORKER ZEITUNG.

FIRST freshman. "Say, Bob, I thought they wanted a full attendance at that meeting last night?" Second freshman. "So they did." First freshman. "Well, I tried to accommodate them and got put out."

[illegible] never drink to drown sorrow. When they can get anything to drink they have no sorrow to drown.

THE first sign of spring is the shriek of the housewife: "Wipe the mud off your boots before you come in here."

BIRDS are melancholy in the morning—because their little bills are all overdew.

MOTHS will not work in the light.

Vegetine.

JUST WHAT I NEEDED.

BALTIMORE, Md., May 4, 1879.

MR. STEVENS:

Dear Sir: I have, in the spring of the year, a faint, sinking feeling in the stomach, and this spring have been so weak that I felt the need of something. A friend who had used VEGETINE advised me to take some. I did so, and it proved to be just what I needed. It builds the whole system up, and makes one feel like a new person.

Yours respectfully,
MRS. ELIZABETH PORTER,
126 Chestnut St.

Rheumatism, Indigestion.

BALTIMORE, Md., April 29, 1879.

Dear Sir: I have been suffering from Rheumatism and Indigestion for over two years, and since I have commenced taking your VEGETINE I have received great benefit. I have taken but two bottles, and I think with the aid of a few more I will be restored to my health again. I can recommend the VEGETINE for what it has done for me.

Respectfully yours,
Mrs. E. J. LEWIS,
119 N. High St.

Loss of Appetite, Lassitude and General Debility.

BOSTON, MASS., May 11, 1879.

MR. JOSEPH R. GROSE:

Dear Sir: Your cordial recommendation of VEGETINE as a Spring Medicine and Blood Purifier induced me to give it a thorough trial, and I candidly admit that in my experience it is all that you have claimed for it. My daughter has always been afflicted with Scrofula Humor in a very severe form, and particularly in spring was badly troubled with Loss of Appetite, Lassitude and General Debility. The VEGETINE had the desired effect and we are never without it. Its success was so apparent in this case that many of my friends and relatives have also tried it, with general satisfaction. Any further information will be cheerfully given by

Yours truly,
GEO. R. WILLIAMS,
Health Department, City Hall.

Vegetine is Sold by all Druggists.

MRS. LYDIA E. PINKHAM, OF LYNN, MASS.,

Yours for Health
Lydia E. Pinkham

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S
VEGETABLE COMPOUND.

Is a Positive Cure

for all those Painful Complaints and Weaknesses so common to our best female population.

It will cure entirely the worst form of Female Complaints, all ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacements, and the consequent Spinal Weakness, and is particularly adapted to the Change of Life.

It will dissolve and expel tumors from the uterus in an early stage of development. The tendency to cancerous humors there is checked very speedily by its use.

It removes faintness, flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves weakness of the stomach. It cures Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion.

That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight and backache is always permanently cured by its use.

It will at all times and under all circumstances act in harmony with the laws that govern the female system.

For the cure of Kidney Complaints of either sex this Compound is unsurpassed.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND is prepared at 233 and 235 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass. Price $1. Six bottles for $5. Sent by mail in the form of pills, also in the form of lozenges, on receipt of price, $1 per box for either. Mrs. Pinkham freely answers all letters of inquiry. Send for pamphlet. Address as above. *Mention this Paper.*

No family should be without LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S LIVER PILLS. They cure constipation, biliousness, and torpidity of the liver. 25 cents per box.

☞ Sold by all Druggists. ☜

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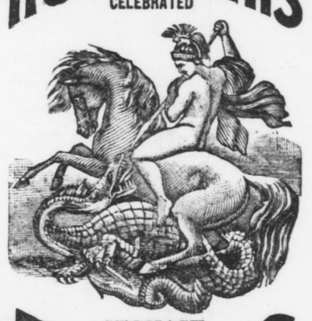
CELEBRATED



STOMACH
BITTERS

The Traveler who Wisely Provides

Against the contingency of illness by taking with him Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, has occasion to congratulate himself on his foresight, when he sees others who have neglected to do so suffering from some one of the maladies for which it is a remedy and preventive. Among these are fever and ague, biliousness, constipation and rheumatism, diseases often attendant upon a change of climate or unwonted diet. For sale by all druggists and dealers generally.

The Purest and Best Medicine ever Made.

A combination of **Hops, Buchu, Mandrake and Dandelion,** with all the best and most curative properties of all other Bitters, makes the greatest **Blood Purifier, Liver Regulator,** and Life and Health Restoring Agent on earth.

No disease can possibly long exist where Hop Bitters are used, so varied and perfect are their operations.

They give new life and vigor to the aged and infirm.

To all whose employments cause irregularity of the bowels or urinary organs, or who require an Appetizer, Tonic and mild Stimulant, Hop Bitters are invaluable, **without intoxicating.**

No matter what your feelings or symptoms are what the disease or ailment is use Hop Bitters. Don't wait until you are sick but if you only feel bad or miserable, use them at once. It may save your life. It has saved hundreds.

$500 will be paid for a case they will not cure or help. Do not suffer or let your friends suffer, but use and urge them to use **Hop Bitters.**

Remember, Hop Bitters is no vile, drugged drunken nostrum, but the Purest and Best Medicine ever made; the **"INVALIDS FRIEND and HOPE"** and no person or family should be without them.

D. I. C. is an absolute and irresistible cure for Drunkenness, use of opium, tobacco and narcotics. All sold by druggists. Send for Circular. **Hop Bitters Mfg. Co.,** Rochester, N.Y. and Toronto, Ont.

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TELLS HOW TO Make Money Cultivate all Farm Crops. Breed & Care for Live Stock. Grow fruit. Manage business, And Secure Happiness.

Saves many times its cost every Season. 800 pages. 140 Illustrations. Send for Circulars and terms to
J. C. McCURDY & CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

"SIR," said a lady to a would-be wag, "your jokes always put me in mind of a sphere." "Of a sphere madam! Why so, pray?" Because they never have any point."

"I don't want that Stuff."

Is what a lady of Boston said to her husband when he brought home some medicine to cure her of sick headache and neuralgia which had made her miserable for fourteen years. At the first attack thereafter, it was administered to her with such good results, that she continued its use until cured, and was made so enthusiastic in its praise, that she induced twenty-two of the best families in her circle to adopt it as their regular family medicine. That "stuff" is Hop Bitters.

A BOY who had read of sailors having up anchor wanted to know if it was seasickness made 'em do it.

NERVOUSNESS, and all derangements of the nervous system, are usually connected with a diseased condition of the blood. Debility is a frequent accompaniment. The first thing to be done is to improve the condition of the blood. This is accomplished by taking VEGETINE. It is a nerve-medicine, and possesses a controlling power over the nervous system.

A SUNDAY school boy, on being asked what made the tower of Pisa lean, replied: "Because of the famine in the land."

THOUSANDS of ladies cherish grateful remembrances of the help derived from the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

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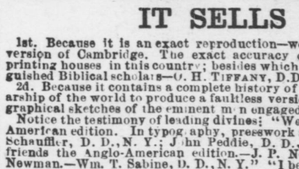

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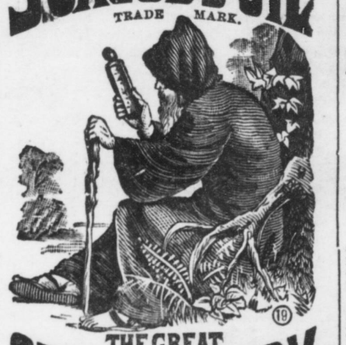

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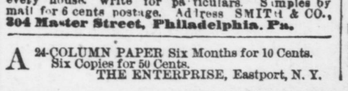

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